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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

A POLITICAL SERMON.

From the Journal of Commerce.

REV. MR. BEECHER has commenced a series of Sabbath evening political discourses at Plymouth Church. The first one is served up in the radical papers, somewhat at length, and exactly in the style of week-day political gatherings. We learn that "ladies were handed over the backs of pews; bonnets and beavers were crushed; crinolines were rendered shapeless," and that the crowd generally was "noisy and uncomfortable." All of which reads very much like the doings of "Mozart," "Tammany" and "Twenty-third street," ladies excepted.

As there is no mention of prayer, Scriptual reading and music, it is presumed that those old-fashioned preliminaries of church service were dispensed with. Mr. Beecher sailed at once into his subject, and delivered a speech far more partisan and sophistical than the average utterances of the Republican stump; thereby confirming the saying that when a minister *does* break loose from his clerical fastenings, he goes it with a rush.

This is the way Mr. Beecher disposes of the "Union as it was," and the millions of good men and true, North and South, who want it back again:

"And, after four years of war, it will be a crying shame if we end as we began, with nothing settled for all time. The peace-prater's cry is 'the Union as it was.' There can be no Union, after four such years of war, just as it was. It is a fool's counsel, and none but fools will follow it."

He then goes on to say that it will be a shame if the North, with the "power to crush and to command at her will," consents to any peace except upon her own terms. In other words, might makes right; and, because the North has the power, it is justified in throwing mercy and magnanimity to the winds, and exterminating all those whom force cannot terrify into yielding. This is the wolf's argument to the lamb. It is Russia's reply to Poland; Austria's ultimatum to Hungary. Pushed to its logical end, it would justify any act of tyranny that a despot could conceive of. The enunciation of this doctrine by a priest of the Temple of Mars, to soothe the conscience of a Commodus or a Nero, sounded naturally enough in the ears of a heathen age. But does it not strike upon the senses harshly when uttered by a minister of the Gospel, on a Sabbath evening, within the walls of a church dedicated to Christianity?

Mr. Beecher is an adept in political slang, and hurls it at his opponents from the secure shelter of his pulpit. He says:

"Those who love honesty, open-handedness and truth, and hate sneaks, could not hesitate in their choice between the two platforms."

Finally, Mr. Beecher remarks:

"As regards slavery, it is our duty to give the accursed thing the final blow, since it is already reeling beneath the many it has received. Its existence at the South has exercised a baneful influence, as exhibited in the grasping, sordid spirit of the Southerners, in contrast with the magnanimity of the North, which has always been too facile to Southern demands. The North would possibly, today, readily forgive the rebels, and permit them to come back on equal terms. There is danger in this excess of magnanimity."

This is the first time that we ever heard that there could be such a thing as too much magnanimity—that rarest and noblest of human qualities. We had always thought that there could not be too much religion, virtue, charity or any other good thing, and, least of all, too much magnanimity. But it was left for the modern tribe of political preachers to discover, what neither Grecian nor Roman philosophy, nor the Founder of Christianity ever dreamed of, that there could be a dangerous excess of human goodness, and that to "readily forgive" anybody, even rebels, when they are repentant, is not a virtue but a crime.

LOYALTY.

From the N. Y. Daily News.

LOYALTY is a gift of the godly! It emanates, like a sweet smelling savor, from the shining lights of the sectaries. Dr. Tyng is so impregnated with that political grace, that to touch the hem of his Reverence's garment were to become endowed with all its healing influences. The cut-throat divinity in which Dr. Cuyler holds his degree, glows with loyalty. War Beecher's head is encircled when he preaches the gospel of fraternal slaughter, like the heads of the saints on the stained glass of certain oriel windows, with a yellow halo—of that secular sancity. Blessed are the loyal; for the sectaries declare that theirs shall be the Kingdom of Heaven!

Loyalty is a gift of the wise and prudent. Its enchantments exceed the miracles of Aladdin's lamp. Old things for new it trades off more successfully than the owner of that Oriental wonder. Castles in the air it touches, like a talisman, into all the realities of brown stone fronts and Corinthian porches! Pinchbeck it converts into gold; glass breastpins into sparkling diamonds; Jersey wagons into crested carriages! A wonderful thing is loyalty. Its spell bids cottons be silks, and it is so; says to suds, be rosewater, and behold it is; and declares the change that transforms, instantaneously, the red arms of the wash-tub into the lilly-white plumpness of your fine lady! Oh! for one hour of this precious loyalty!

And loyalty is the very quintessence of courtesy. As Oriental courtiers are said to have declared noonday as dark as midnight, so does loyalty declare that it sees no light through its acquaintance's shoddy blankets! It politely refuses to smell the rottenness of its neighbor's putrid beef! Beau Brummell could not equal its delicate tact in declining to notice the glanders, or spavin, or ringbone, or botts, in its friend's horses! Chesterfield could not surpass the exquisite politeness with which it smiles approval of some brother's adulterated drugs! How precious is the gift which enables brethren to dwell thus together in unity, when a carping harshness of judgment would but pull the house about their ears!

Loyalty, like grace, belongs to only those who are entitled to the privileges of *election*. A child of the Goddess of Liberty, it has succeeded to her high estate in all the glories of red breeches and Minnie rifle! Typifying the spiritual presence of its mother, it takes her place with flashing bayonet and rat-tail moustache, a very guardian angel at the precinct-ballot-box! Oh, it is a great blessing, this physical loyalty; for, behold, does it not exclude from the freedom of election the contaminations of State Rights, and Copperheadism, and popular sovereignty? A plague upon Democracy! All hail to glorious loyalty!

Your loyalty is, too, a thing of high life. The vulgar are outside the pale of that class-distinction. Like religion, it is enshrined in all the gilt-edgings of fashion. Lager bier is unto it as an abomination. Whiskey-straight is offensive to its sensitive nose. Its nobility cannot consent to take to its bosom a "sherry *cobbler*." Its dignity, unbending as buckram, cannot accept the familiarity of "Tom and Jerry." The wines of Shirez, the liqueurs of France, and the juices of the Hungarian vintages, have but recently tickled its dainty palate; and it cannot, forsooth, stoop to these luxuries of the common, "the democratic fluids." Loyalty has shot up into the sphere of the grandee. Oh! how killing it is to the young ladies of the realms of shoddy, when, dressed like a tailor, it luxuriates in all the glories of yellow kids! How languishingly lazy when, suggestive to the vulgar of a greasy negro, it lolls on the cushions of a crimson lounge! Loyalty lisps. With my Lord Dundreary's studied contempt of the letter "r," it calls, in elegant languor, for a glass of "wataw." And when it opens its mouth—bah! Why *does* it not forever withhold the revelations of its unupholstered tongue? But there are spots in even the glory of the sun! Waiving this one blemish, then, how rich, and rare, and elegant, and proud, and grand, and worshipful, and "aristocratic," is loyalty! Alas and alackaday, that the gift of loyalty, like that of poetry, is a thing of birth rather than of acquirement!

THURLOW WEED LOQUITUR.

[Mr. Seward's political partner thus vents his spleen in a letter to Hon. Abram Wakeman:]

OUR country is in an anomalous condition. The two great political parties are embarassed with antagonisms. The Republican party is associated with an Abolition element which first invited rebellion, and then demanded a war issue which divides the people and weakens the government.

The Democratic party is demoralized by a "Copperhead" element whose disloyalty ran that party under in 1863, and whose successful resistance of Chicago, to enlightened and patriotic action, will occasion a second Democratic collapse.

I had hoped that these ultra and malign elements would have "sloughed off" from both parties, leaving the conservative masses to unite and save the country.

In denouncing "Abolition," as I do now, and have ever done, allow me to guard against misconstruction. The old Whig party was ever and inflexibly opposed to slavery extension and aggression. But there was a broad and well-understood distinction between the Whig opponents of slavery and the fanatical Abolitionists. With the opponents of slavery, led by John Quincy Adams, I lived and labored in harmony, and with zeal. But we were eternally opposed by the Birney, Goodell, Garrison, and other fanatical Abolitionists, who, in elections, so cast their "third party" vote as to elect pro-slavery Governors, Congressmen, and Presidents, and finally, by defeating Mr. Clay, brought Texas into the Union as a slave State. That class of Abolitionists threw themselves across the track of all healthful political organizations. They were the worst enemies of the Whig party then—they are "the best friends" of rebellion now. They were pestilent before, and have been *destructive* during the war. But my abhorrence of Abolition fanaticism does not in the least weaken my detestation of a slave rebellion. The devilish ambitions fostered by that cursed institution *may* cost us our government and Union—will, indeed, if Slavery and Abolition combined *can* work out that great national crime. Our danger has been, and is, that Abolition, in doing precisely what I foretold—*dividing* the North and *uniting* the South—may enable rebellion and slavery to avert the penalty both so richly merit—a common grave.

It was this dread of ultra Abolition, embarrassing Mr. Lincoln in the past, and threatening embarrassment in the future, that induced me to hope for a change of Administration. I believed that a Democratic President, as earnest as Mr. Lincoln, against the rebellion, and exempted from the influences that have beset and badgered him from the beginning, could prosecute the war more successfully; and, the fighting over, would find himself less encumbered, perplexed and tormented, during the most difficult of all the duties of a President—the readjustment of our disjointed machinery of government.

CONSCRIPTING THE SLAVES.

From the Richmond Enquirer, Oct. 18.

THE proposition to extend the Conscript Law to the slaves of the States was first formally advanced by the *Enquirer* in the issue of the 6th inst. Since that time we have received many assurances of its popular favor, and none whatever of opposition to it. *We learn that the planters in the extreme Southern States favor the proposition*, and some have signified their readiness to free five, ten or fifteen of their slaves if they will enter the army. The near approach of the time when the Congress meets again, requires that expression be given to the sentiments of the country upon this important measure. We, therefore, earnestly invite its discussion, and open our columns to opponents as well as friends of the proposition.

The result of the late elections is still in doubt, and whether Lincoln or McClellan will be elected, it is yet impossible to determine, but there is no uncertainty as to the question of carrying on the war. Whether Lincoln or McClellan be the next President, the voice, and the almost unanimous voice, of that people is for a vigorous prosecution of the war. The duty of preparing to meet that issue, will be before the approaching session of the Confederate Congress; that body will have before it for consideration, the ways and means, as well of men as of money, for carrying on the war on our part.

The war cry of the enemy, "*no parley with rebellion in the field—no compromise with slavery in the readjustment*," fully informs our people that, in plain vernacular, the whites of these States are to be subjugated to slavery, and their slaves reduced to the miserable condition of Yankee free negroes. This is the view of the people among our enemies, and this will be the result of the war, whether ended by Lincoln or McClellan, if the people of these States permit themselves to be conquered.

The conscription of negroes should be accompanied with freedom and the privilege of remaining in the States; this is no part of Abolitionism, it is the exercise by the master of the unquestionable right of manumission; it is remunerating those who defend our cause with the privilege of freedom. *Nor should this important subject be prejudiced with questions about putting the negro on an equality with our friends, brothers and fathers. Many of the soldiers in their childhood were fondled and nursed by faithful negro nurses, and yet no question of equality was ever raised.* Many a man has manumitted slaves without ever being subjected to the suspicion of being an Abolitionist.

The issues involved in this war are too exalted in their importance and character for us *to permit them to be compromised by being degraded to a question of property.* The liberty and freedom of ourselves and of our children, the nationality of our country, the right of enjoying any kind of property, the houses over our heads, and the very graves of our children and friends are involved in the struggle. Failure makes slaves of all, white and black; robs all of property, real and personal; divides our lands among our conquerors, who will plow up the very graves of our dead as fertalized ground for making money. *We have in our midst a half a million of fighting material which is property*—shall we use that property for the common cause? Justice and sound policy demand that we make freemen of those who fight for freedom. We conscript the master and we impress his horses, cattle, wheat, and every other property except slaves. *This very exception is an imputation that this war is for slavery and not for freedom.* By conscripting the negroes, we show to the world the earnestness that is in our people; we prove to our enemies that at the moment of our supposed exhaustion, in the fifth year of the war, we shall meet them with larger armies than we have before raised; and we explode the false accusation that we are fighting for slavery, or a slaveholder's Confederacy.

There are those who doubt whether sound policy would trust negroes with arms. We are not of those who entertain any fears upon that subject. Drill and discipline makes valuable soldiers of Russian serfs, and no negroes in these States are so ignorant and brutal as those serfs. Between service with the Confederacy and with the Yankees, between living among us, with all their strong local attachments, and going among strangers, who are now openly buying and selling them to recruiting officers, our slaves will find no difficulty in choosing. And, when once it is understood that *freedom and a home in the South are the privileges offered by the Confederate authorities*, while the enemy extend the beggarly hospitalities of Yankee philanthropy, not only will desertion from our ranks be unfrequent, but the drafted negroes of the Yankee armies will exchange services.

This subject addresses itself to the consideration of our people, at this particular time, with great force. The prospect of four more years of war are before our people; the enemy will not even "parley" with us without unconditional surrender, the fruits of which would be confiscation of all property, the deportation of whole communities, the degradation of the people, and the domination and tyranny of Yankee masters. There can be no reconstruction which does not embrace a surrender first, which will not permit confiscation afterwards, which does not insure enslaving the white, without freeing the blacks. If there are any weak-kneed people who imagine they can save their property by reconstruction, let them study the shibboleth of all parties in the United States—"no parley with rebellion in the field, no compromise with slavery in the adjustment." Unconditional surrender is first demanded before even a parley. We are to lay down our arms and submit to the kindness of the Butlers, Grants, Shermans and Sheridans; to the fate of New Orleans, the condition of the Valley, the misery of Atlanta, and, after all that degradation, to give up all our slaves in the adjustment. If there are any reasons against extending the conscription to slaves, we should like to have them stated, *but we are decidedly of opinion that the whole country will agree to the proposition, and that at an early day the next Congress will be called upon to provide for it by law.*

Selections.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH OF HON. S. P. CHASE,

Delivered at Covington, Ky., Oct. 14, 1864.

MR. CHASE began by referring to an address of his in the same place four years ago. After comparing his predictions at that time with subsequent events, he proceeded as follows:

MR. LINCOLN'S POLICY.

My fellow-citizens, what is our country? It is our common land inhabited by *our folks*. We cannot go into any part of it where we do not find our own blood relatives. Every foot of the soil is consecrated by thousands of precious memories. We see Washington everywhere—everywhere the spirit and influence of Jefferson. One law, one people, one destiny, one glorious past, one glorious future. No American can ever consent that this great country shall be broken up and ruined (applause). The rebels did not count on this. They thought that attachment to States was more than devotion to country. They forgot that States make country, and that country is just as much dearer than States, as the whole is dearer than its parts (applause). But then, fellow-citizens, arose a question for Mr. Lincoln to determine. How shall the rebellion be dealt with? Mr. Lincoln thought the most conciliatory and lenient policy the best policy. Kentucky, you remember, assumed a position of neutrality, and that position was respected at Washington, until it became evident that neutrality must end in secession. Then William Nelson—a glorious Kentucky name—marched a little band of heroes which he had organized, under the authority of the President, to Camp Dick Robinson, and saved the State. Rosseau—another name dear to Kentuckians—organized his twenty companies at Louisville, and cooperated with Nelson. Thus, by Kentuckians was Kentucky saved (applause). Mr. Lincoln simply sanctioned this organization and action, and gave it such support as the law at that time allowed. It was the voluntary action of those gallant Kentuckians which kept the State from revolution and ruin. I happened to know a great deal about this matter. I was in constant conference with the Union men of Kentucky, and I know that whereof I speak. All honor, then, to William Nelson and Lovel Rosseau. They can never be forgotten, while patriotism and heroism are held worthy of remembrance (applause).

SLAVERY OR UNION?

But not alone in Kentucky was the action of Mr. Lincoln marked by this forbearance and patience. Everywhere he displayed the same spirit. It was only when events proved that it was impossible to get along with mild measures that he resorted to stronger measures. At length it became necessary to touch the institution of slavery in the rebel States. That institution, it became evident, was the main support of rebellion. Everybody knows that, under rebel masters, every slave maintained a rebel in the field. Mr. Lincoln saw there was no use in trying to put down the rebellion with one hand and to hold up slavery with the other, and he did what any wise man would have done in his place. He struck the main prop of the rebellion (applause). Some say Mr. Lincoln had no business to strike slavery. Mr. Lincoln did not want to do so. It became a question with him whether the Union or slavery was to be saved; and, when that question was made, he had no choice and he did not hesitate (applause). He gave the rebels fair warning and plenty of time to repent and come back into the Union. They mocked at his warning and invitation, and he struck their main stay. In my judgment, he did right (applause). There is, I suppose, no proposition better settled than this—that in a time of war, he who controls and directs the military force of the nation has the power to do whatever, within belligerent law, is necessary to the success of the war. The Constitution provided for raising armies, and made the President Commander-in-Chief. It gave him, therefore, full power to take all steps necessary to the effectual prosecution of the war. The best statesmen in the land have said, and the proposition has passed unchallenged, that, in case of insurrection or foreign war, the institution of slavery must be subject to such disposal as the national interests should require. In other words, that with insurrection in a slaveholding State, the whole power over slavery must pass to the National government. In my judgment, when insurrection gave the President power over slavery, with the power came the duty to put an end to it. Mr. Lincoln was bound to do that which was necessary for the salvation of the Republic (applause).

An old Roman maxim declares that "The safety of the Republic is the supreme law." There is no law—there can be no law—higher than the safety of the country (applause). Whatever is necessary to insure the safety of the country, is right and fit to be done, and must be done (applause). But we are not obliged to resort to any extra constitutional views, for the Constitution, as I have said, provides for the case. When Congress authorized the raising and organization of armies for the suppression of the rebellion, the President, by its very terms, became Commander-in-Chief. The safety of the Republic is committed to him, and it is right, nay more, it is his duty, to overcome and destroy whatever opposes itself to it. Under the Constitution he had authority to proclaim freedom to the slaves, and he simply performed a plain duty when he executed it (applause).

Do the loyal men of the rebel States complain? I have seen many of them. In my position at Washington it was my duty to confer very frequently with them. I never yet found a single earnest loyal man from Louisiana, or Florida, or Texas, or Arkansas, or any other State in rebellion, who did not say "Let slavery die that the Union may live" (great applause). My friend, Mr. Maynard, who will follow me, will tell you that that is the sentiment of the loyal men of Tennessee, and that their only regret is that the President did not include Tennessee in the proclamation; for, had it been included, one-half of the trouble that has occurred in Tennessee would have been avoided (applause).

THE OBJECT OF THE WAR.

But gentlemen tell us the President has changed the object of the war. "We went with him," they say, "as long as he was conducting the war exclusively for the restoration of the Union; but now that he is carrying it on for the destruction of slavery, we cannot go with him. He has changed the object of the war." Now is this true? What was the object of the war? It was to bring back into the Union, as a loyal State, every State in which the standard of revolt had been raised. When every State shall have returned, one after another, to its place in the Union, the object of the war will be accomplished. Is that object changed? Not at all. But how and in what condition are those States to return? Must they not come back under such conditions as their loyal citizens approve?

Mr. Lincoln's proclamation was right. It was a right means to a right end, and I stand by it (applause). But if no proclamation had ever been issued, who supposes that the thoroughly loyal citizens of rebel States, who have felt the grinding despotism of the slaveholding oligarchy, would ask a Union with slavery? It was slavery which assailed the life of the nation. It was slavery which drove loyal citizens to caves and forests for shelter. When the Union armies came, they brought deliverance from slavery. When the authority of the Union is restored, slavery dies by the decree of the loyal people. How many loyal men will you find in Louisiana who do not desire that slavery shall perish? They have adopted a Constitution within the last few weeks, and in it have abolished slavery. But gentlemen say, "Oh, yes, that is true enough in Louisiana, but it was the armed force of the Union that put an end to slavery, not the free will of the people." How was it in Maryland? There was very little armed force there, and none at all exerted to control the perfect freedom of elections. And what have we heard from Maryland? A majority of seven thousand in the city of Baltimore for the new Constitution, with this clause: "From and after the adoption of this Constitution, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in Maryland." Why did Maryland do that? Because, free from the yoke of the slave oligarchy, the people can decide for themselves whether it is for their interest to have slavery or not, and they declare that it is not for their interest to have Maryland any longer a slave State, and decree that slavery shall exist no longer. They act with perfect freedom. In Louisiana, every loyal man acts in the same way. So will you find it throughout the South. Whenever they are ready to come back as loyal States, they will come back without a vestige of this institution (applause).

Mr. Lincoln, then, has not changed the object of the war at all. He prosecutes the war for the Union just as before. He finds slavery in the way, and he thrusts it out of the way (applause). And the loyal people, in the midst of whom the authority of the Union is restored, all say, Amen (applause). They want it out of the way, and they will have it out of the way. They themselves are putting it out of the way. There will be no slavery left to trouble this country any longer in the rebel States when this war comes to an end (applause).

IS THE WAR A FAILURE?

But these gentlemen tell us, "You are vastly mistaken about this war. You are not succeeding in it. You ought to have done a great deal more with the men and money furnished to you, that you have done." Well, I am not prepared to say that there is not some truth in this; but in every great war there must be mistakes; in every great war there must be more or less misapplication of the public funds; but if you have an honest man at the head of the government, who does not want to make mistakes, and who does not want the public funds misapplied, is it not very certain that the more experience he gets, the less cause for complaint there will be? (Applause.) So I feel that henceforward, as things have improved with experience hitherto, so they will continue to improve, until there is nothing, substantially, to be complained of. But, they say, "the war is a failure. You have been prosecuting this war for four years, and have failed." Well, as I have had occasion to say elsewhere, in the first place we have not prosecuted the war four years from the time when that assertion of failure was made; until the end of four years, eight months remain; give Grant, Sherman and Sheridan eight months, and there won't be a great deal of talk among these gentlemen about the failure of the war (applause).

But has it been a failure so far? Kentucky was neutral when the war began. Is she neutral to-day? I know there are a good many in Kentucky who do not sympathize with the Administration. There are some, I am sorry to say, who sympathize with the rebellion; but the mass of the people in Kentucky are true and loyal men and women, and they have no more idea of deserting the old flag than we in Ohio (applause). You may have your choice about leaders—who shall uphold the flag; but then you have no difference among you as to the upholding of the flag itself. Kentucky is safe, Missouri is safe, Maryland is safe, West Virginia is safe, and a large portion of East Virginia is safe. Tennessee is in the Union, and a large portion of Louisiana is in the Union, and our flag floats in every State where rebellion displayed its standard four years ago (applause). There is, then progress—decided, unequivocal progress. I shall never forget the state of things three years ago last April, immediately after the firing on Fort Sumter. There was hardly a regiment in Washington. Our troops were scattered all over the Union, and the greater part of our little army was in Texas, where it was surrendered by a traitor general to the rebel authorities in that State. There was no army under the command of the President—no navy. Our ships had been scattered all over the globe. There were but few guns in our arsenals, and we had but small means to equip armies, if we had them. The railroad between Washington and Baltimore was in possession of the rebels. Baltimore itself was in possession of the rebels. They had seized the vessels in the harbor, and were preparing an attack upon Fort McHenry. We were beleaguered in the Capital, with no way out, except through West Virginia or Pennsylvania. The Ohio River was closed. Every light of commerce along the whole coast, from the Capes of Delaware to the mouth of the Rio Grande, had been extinguished. Instead of the accustomed greeting to foreign commerce entering our ports, all was darkness on our coasts. All your forts were seized, with the exception of Fort Pickens and Fort Sumter. Fort Sumter itself fell. Such was the condition of things three years ago last April. Now, I have just told you what is the present condition. Is that a failure? When the great armies of the Union, and, what is better still, the mighty people behind them, are advancing, step by step, resistlessly, certainly, to the consummation of the great work of the restoration of the Union, are we failing? There is no failure here. What do you propose, who object to Mr. Lincoln? Do you say—Give the power in the hands of a General who will do the work better? But what assurance have you of that? Conceding all you claim for him—for argument's sake only—see how he is hampered by associations, by circumstances. Even if his own heart were earnestly in this work, what can he do, when he is required by the party he represents, as his first act, after election, to make earnest endeavors for an immediate cessation of hostilities. In that direction certainly lies failure. Three great armies are advancing. Sherman at the head of one, Grant at the head of another, and Sheridan at the head of the third. They march toward the complete suppression of the rebellion (applause). No failure there; but progress, a grand certainty of final success (applause). But suppose you go to these armies and say, cease hostilities, lay down your arms, resort to negotiations; would that be success? Would not that be failure, complete and most disastrous? How, then, can these gentlemen who propose that we shall cease to fight for the restoration of the Union, and resort to negotiation, the result of which every child can see must be dismemberment—how can these gentlemen ask the American people to trust them to do better, when they propose to do nothing.

THE ELECTIONS.

The people seem to concur in this judgment. A few weeks ago Maine spoke, but Maine was a great way off in the East, and we scarcely heard the thunder of her voice. What she says, it was argued, is not of much consequence. Wait for the West. We were told that Indiana would condemn the war, and so would Ohio and Pennsylvania. Well, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania have spoken. Do they retreat, negotiate or compromise? Do they pronounce the war a failure? Ohio gives from fifty to sixty thousand majority for a vigorous prosecution of the war (applause). Indiana gives twenty thousand majority for the reëlection of her tried and true Governor, who has been one of its staunchest supporters (applause). And what says Pennsylvania? The Opposition faintly claim that they have carried Pennsylvania on the home vote, but the latest intelligence we can obtain not only assures us of a Union majority on the home vote, but of a majority of fifteen or twenty thousand when the soldiers are counted. We have elected the entire State ticket, have elected a majority in both branches of the General Assembly, and a majority in both branches of the City Council of Philadelphia. That will do for the present. In November Pennsylvania must do better. Now, my friends, you may count every doubtful vote against Mr. Lincoln, and still there are certain votes enough to elect him, with a handsome surplus. The result will prove, I think, that there are not many uncertain votes. As the tide rolls on, and as the earnest determination to preserve the Union becomes stronger and more earnest, you will find the people of the United States very nearly as unanimous as they were when the first gun was fired upon Sumter.

A WORD TO KENTUCKIANS.

Now, what I want to impress upon you, Kentuckians, here to-night, is this: Four years ago, I pointed out a plan which I think all will now admit would, if adopted, have led to peace. If it had not been for the insane determination of the slave oligarchy to impose the institution of slavery, not merely upon the States in which it existed, but upon all the territories of the Union, we would have had none of this rebellion and civil war. You, in Kentucky, would have been at peace. The people of every other slave State would have been at peace. The plan offered was rejected, and we are involved in war. Now, let me say to you that, being involved in war, there is no way out of it, except by the complete suppression of the rebellion. No way but this one way, unless we are prepared to dismember the American Union; and we will fight forever before we will do that (great applause). There is no such thing, rely upon it, there is no such thing as persuading our people to give up their country. They will not consent to see the sacred, venerable form of our country hacked to pieces by rebel swords. So, then, you may count as certain that this country is to be preserved, and the only question is, will we be unanimous now? Will we profit by our past experience, and stand together now? Mr. Lincoln is sure to be elected (applause). Is it best for us to present the spectacle of a divided people? Will a vote against Mr. Lincoln do anything for the suppression of this rebellion? Everybody knows it will not. Everybody knows it; every rebel sympathizer, every rebel deserter, every man who wants the cause of the country to fail, the stock-jobbers of New York, who speculate upon the necessities of the people, in the rise of gold, every disloyal man of every shade of disloyalty knows it. Hence they are all against Mr. Lincoln. Now, then, is it worth while to increase their number? Is it not a great deal better, inasmuch as Mr. Lincoln is sure to be elected, is it not a great deal better, as a matter of mere common sense and calculation, to stand by him, and make the rebels feel that this is a united people, and that they are determined that Mr. Lincoln shall finish the war which they began, by suppressing this rebellion (applause).

Ask the men in the field; ask Grant! He tells you if the people will only be united in this war, he shall find no trouble in the front. Ask Sherman, and he tells you the same thing. Ask nearly every officer in the army and they will tell you "What we want is a united people at the ballot-box. We will take care of the rebels if you will take care of their sympathizers." Make your ballots tell and our bullets will not fail.

Now, then, if the men who conduct the war are thus unanimous, if it is a plain common-sense statement, that in union is strength, safety and speedy peace, why should not Kentucky stand by the Union, and not merely by the Union, but by the only man through whom alone, under existing circumstances, this Union can be preserved (applause). I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say. Consider these things among yourselves. Determine for yourselves whether or not it is not better in every point of view for Kentucky and for Kentuckians to stand together with their brethren of Ohio, of Indiana, of Pennsylvania, and of all the other States which speak for Union and freedom, to be established and secured through the election of Mr. Lincoln—a great deal better than to go off into an opposition where all they do can avail them nothing, just nothing (applause).

PERORATION.

Now, fellow-citizens, the time is short. In a very few days the issues of this election must be determined. I have already said how it is going to be determined. Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, are to be the next President and Vice-President of the United States. That is the way. They will be supported, if not by the whole people, yet by such a body of the people that the power of the government will come into their hands. The people will "rally around the flag." They will come to the rescue of their institutions. Grant's army, Sherman's army, Sheridan's army will be reinforced. The resistless march of the Union will prevail. *Rebellion will fail.* State after State will haul down the rebel flag. Over State after State will the old Stars and Stripes float once more, resplendent in their original glory, until, at length, over the whole vast extent of the Republic shall again be "seen the gorgeous ensign of the Republic once more full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as *What is all this worth?* but everywhere spread all over, in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" (Applause.)

MR. EVERETT ON THE EMANCIPATION POLICY.

[In his masterly speech at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the 19th inst., the Hon. Edward Everett discussed as follows the relation of the government to slavery in consequence of the rebellion.]

WHEN the attack was made on Sumter, there was not a man of reflection in the United States, North or South, who denied, or doubted that either as motive, pretext, or rallying cry, slavery was the cause of the war. But an attempt was made to convince the European public that slavery had nothing to do with the war. Nay more—perceiving that the government of the United States (not yet availing itself of the rights which the law of nations accords to belligerents, and willing still that the rebellious States should return to their allegiance without paying the penalty of their madness and folly) had not only made no demonstration against slavery, but disclaimed all wish to do so, even the anti-slavery sentiment of Europe was so strongly misled, as to withhold its sympathy from the North in a contest which, as I have just said, in every stage, from its inception, and throughout its progress, had been exclusively caused by slavery either as motive or pretext.

Thus then a desolating war was waged for eighteen months against the constitutional government of the country—at a cost of a thousand millions of treasure and a hundred thousand lives. On the part of the United States, the object of the war was declared to be to restore the authority of the government throughout the Union. On the part of the Confederates it was notoriously waged, after thirty years of agitation, for the sake of causing a rupture of the States, and establishing a new slaveholding Confederacy. While the non-interference with slavery, the cause or pretext of the war, by the government of the United States, produced not the slightest effect in the way of conciliating the rebels, whom it left in the undisturbed possession of what they regard as a chief source of strength in carrying on the war, it was rapidly losing us the sympathy of Europe, where their emissaries did not scruple to adduce this very non-interference as a proof that "slavery had nothing to do with the contest." Without gaining anything by forbearance at home, we were allowing the tide of public opinion to run against us abroad, and materially increasing the danger of hostile intervention, on the professed grounds, that it was required by the interests of humanity, and that slavery had nothing to do with the struggle.

It was under these circumstances that the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, felt himself warranted in drawing this new weapon from the armory of the public law. Considering that slavery, either as motive or pretext, had caused the war, that it strengthened the rebels with the physical power of 600,000 able-bodied men, inhabitants of the South, and owing allegiance to the United States; that besides the employment of one-half of this number in direct military service in forts, field works, and general camp labor, it released an equal number of white men from agricultural labor and other domestic employments at home, thus increasing to that extent the force of their armies, while in many cases, the slaves themselves were actually armed and accompanied their masters to the field; considering further that it had been shown by the experience of eighteen months' war, that the apprehension of a servile insurrection so generally entertained was groundless; considering that the continued forbearance of the United States toward slavery was weakening us in that public opinion, which is the ultimate ruling power in the civilized world, and in various ways aiding and strengthening the cause of the rebellion abroad; the government of the United States, warranted by clear principles of the law of nations, and in the exercise of the undoubted right of a belligerent in a just war, declared, by the President's proclamation of 22d September, 1862, that, after the first day of January next ensuing, the slaves in States then in rebellion should be free, and that compensation should be made to loyal citizens.

Such is the history of these proclamations. I am not pledged to their defence. My opinion of such a measure was informally asked in advance, by a member of the Cabinet, and I expressed in reply, a doubt of its policy, though I added that I had no doubt of its constitutionality. I did not regard it as a measure of great practical importance. I considered slavery as doomed, as Mr. Stephens warned his fellow-citizens it would be, by the operations of the war, and by what particular instrumentality, or in what precise form, provided it was constitutionally done, was of no great moment. I have no belief, however, that the measure has had the slightest effect in increasing the difficulty of pacification. The governing class will hold out for independence, till their military power is crushed. When that is done, the masses will rise and demand peace.

I will add that it is very doubtful, whether any act of the government of the United States was necessary to liberate the slaves in a State which is in rebellion. There is much reason for the opinion, that, by the simple act of levying war against the United States, the relation of slavery was terminated, certainly so far as concerns the duty of the United States to recognize it, or to refrain from interfering with it.

While, therefore, I think nothing can be clearer than that the Administration is, in its emancipation policy, in the exercise of an undoubted right on the clearest principles of the public law, I have no belief that by adopting that policy, it has increased the difficulty of an honorable pacification. Conservative men of all parties have, with the best intentions, as it seems to me, acted under great misconceptions in this matter. The idea that the foundations of this Union rest on slavery, and that it is, at all events, and under all circumstances, and to the end of time, to be cherished and preserved, is quite a recent idea. The fathers of the Republic knew nothing of it. They, with one accord, South as well as North, regarded slavery as an evil forced upon the country in its colonial state, and temporarily tolerated.

THE WESTERN CONSPIRACY.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

From the Independent.

No just view of our great struggle and its elements can overlook the powerful agency of secret political societies designed by their founders to control or to subvert the government of our Union. These societies have undergone many transformations and borne various names, suggested by their more especial objects respectively; but they have had one essential purpose—namely, the complete subjugation of our national existence and power to the diffusion and perpetuation of human slavery. The "Order of the Lone Star" powerfully aided, in 1852, the election of Pierce and King, while professedly grasping at the acquisition of Cuba; the same purpose was proclaimed in 1856, though the subjugation of Kansas engrossed the energies of its more active apostles, then operatiog as "Sons of the South"; while, in 1860, under the appellation of "Knights of the Golden Circle," the secret "Order" powerfully contributed to the disruption of the Democratic party, the concentration of its remaining electoral vote on Breckinridge, and the inauguration of secession. It was the "breaking-up team" that prepared the ground for the bounteous harvest of treason, carnage, and devastation which has since been realized. It has since pursued its end and shunned observation under the titles of "Circle of Honor," "Southern League," "Corps de Belgique," and more generally as "O. A. K.," or "Order of American Knights," which latter cognomen, though once quite general, has finally given place to that of "O. S. L.," or "Order of Sons of Liberty."

This Protean "Order," having, at an early period of our struggle, challenged the attention of the government by the variety, pertinacity, and malignity of its hostile operations, was necessarily subjected to observation and scrutiny through the agency of provost-marshals, detectives, repentant rebels, and military as well as civil police, until its true character and aims were thoroughly ascertained and established, mainly under the direction of Brig.-Gen. Carrington, commanding the district of Indiana, and Col. Sanderson, Provost-Marshal of the district of Missouri. A detective, B. F. Stidger, formerly a private soldier of the Union, and Mary Ann Pitman, formerly a rebel spy and agent, known as "Lieut. Rowley," were primarily employed to bring the clues to this grand conspiracy within the grasp of our military chiefs, since which the evidence of letters, rituals, confessions, and documents of every kind, have established the leading facts beyond the reach of doubt or cavil. It is not yet a month since H. H. Dodd, the "Grand Commander" for Indiana, was tried before a military commission for conspiracy and treason, with such resulting developments that his partners in crime were impelled to aid his escape from custody. The facts elicited on this and kindred investigations have been embodied by Judge-Advocate-General Jacob Holt in an official Report to the Secretary of War, which is one of the most startling and momentous documents ever issued from the American press. From this we learn that Mr. P. C. Wright, who formerly officiated as editor of Congressman Wood's *Daily News*, in this city, was a master-spirit of the traitorous "Order," until arrested some months since, and sent to Fort Lafayette; since which time, another change of name has been effected, and the "McClellan Minute Guard," whereof Mr. R. I. Stevens is the ostensible chief, has replaced in this section the "O. A. K." A secret "Peace Council" was held in this city on the 22d of February last, whereat our Mayor, C. Godfrey Gunther, is said to have presided. The West, however, is the stronghold and focus of the "Sons of Liberty," who recognize C. L. Vallandigham as their Grand Commander in the loyal, while Sterling Price holds a like position is the rebel States, under the guidance of a "Supre

vice with the rebel forces, was long since reduced to a science. So rebels who could better serve their master on our side of the lines were received, concealed, reclothed, and sent on their several errands, by these traitors; while the burning of government steamboats, storehouses, arsenals, etc., etc., the expulsion by violence and outrage of earnest Unionists from Copperhead neighborhoods in loyal States, where their presence was deemed undesirable, and the assassination of Union soldiers wherever it could be accomplished with impunity, were among the darker deeds of these villains. One of their major-generals in Indiana was for some time engaged in the manufacture of "Greek fire," to be used in the destruction of government steamers and other property.

The North-western Confederacy, which these conspirators professed to contemplate, was to be a mere tender to the Southern, by which it would very soon be absorbed. It was simply a convenient watchword for treason.

Judge Holt concludes his Report—every word of which ought to be read by each American fireside—in these impressive terms:

"In the presence of the rebellion and this secret Order—which is but its echo and faithful ally—we cannot but be amazed at the utter and wide-spread profligacy, personal and political, which these movements against the government disclose. The guilty men engaged in them, after casting aside their allegiance, seem to have trodden under foot every sentiment of honor and every restraint of law, human and Divine. Judas produced but one Judas Iscariot, and Rome, from the sinks of her demoralization, produced but one Catiline; and yet, as events prove, there has arisen together in our land an entire brood of such traitors, all animated by the same parricidal spirit, and all struggling with the same relentless malignity for the dismemberment of our Union. Of this extraordinary phenomenon—not paralleled, it is believed, in the world's history—there can be but one explanation, and all these blackened and fetid streams of crime may well be traced to the same common fountain. So fiercely intolerant and imperious was the temper engendered by slavery, that when the Southern people, after having controlled the national councils for half a century, were beaten at an election, their leaders turned upon the government with the insolent fury with which they would have drawn their revolvers on a rebellious slave in one of their negro-quarters; and they have continued since to prosecute their warfare, amid all the barbarisms and atrocities naturally and necessarily inspired by the infernal institution in whose interest they are sacrificing alike themselves and their country. Many of these conspirators, as is well known, were fed, clothed, and educated at the expense of the nation, and were loaded with its honors at the very moment they struck at its life with the horrible criminality of a son stabbing the bosom of his own mother while impressing kisses on her cheeks. The leaders of the traitors in the loyal States, who so completely fraternize with these conspirators, and whose machinations are now unmasked, it is as clearly the duty of the Administration to prosecute and punish, as it is its duty to subjugate the rebels who are openly in arms against the government. In the performance of this duty, it is entitled to expect, and will doubtless receive, the zealous cooperation of true men everywhere, who, in crushing the truculent foe ambushed in the haunts of this secret Order, should rival in courage and faithfulness the armies which are so nobly sustaining our flag on the battle-fields of the South.

"Respectfully submitted,

"J. Holt, Judge-Advocate-General."

THURLOW WEED.

From the Rochester Express.

The Albany *Journal* of Friday last contained a two column letter from Thurlow Weed, more bitter and offensive against the earnest Union men whom he has lately been assailing, than anything he has before written. He announces, however, that despite all his objections to the emancipation or "abolition" policy of President Lincoln, he shall yet feel constrained to support him. To this conclusion we suppose there can be no objection. The principles of the Union Republican party are morally so much above those by which politicians have been guided, that it is no matter of surprise if some, especially those who have been longest in the business, are utterly unable to appreciate them. The success of the Union party has also the unfortunate effect of drawing into it a large class of men whose only idea is to make its triumphs subserve their own self-ish ends. We do not expect to rid ourselves of these elements entirely, but we can but be pained when they intrude themselves upon the public as leaders of a party whose vital principles they oppose, because they can neither understand nor care for them.

Thurlow Weed was an able political leader in years past, partly, perhaps, showing that he was a better man then; but mainly because the parties of those times were based only on questions of expediency, and policy, among which he was always in his element. But so soon as new parties arose, involving high moral issues of right and justice, Thurlow Weed fell, never to rise again. He has failed most miserably in meeting great moral questions, because the moral nature of the man seemed to have been left out in his organization. None have been pained more at this failure than those old friends of Thurlow Weed who remember the days of his youthful vigor and manhood. Since the war commenced all his discussions of its character and ends has been the veriest drivel and absurdity, such as could only proceed from a man talking about subjects of which he had no real comprehension. Drunken with the lust and spoils of office, the senile old man has only exposed his own nakedness, over which his truest friends would carefully and reverently step backward and throw the mantle of oblivion, which has now become for him the kindest charity which any of them could perform.

We do not mourn for Thurlow Weed as for some great and good man, suddenly falling from high virtue to the lowest depths, for such he never was, and to him no such fall was possible. But for a man, once respected and honored, at least among, if not of the really great and good men of the nation, it is too pitiable now to see his old age made the sport of his ancient enemies, and his senile maunderings about "abolition" copied approvingly into the Copperhead press of the country.

Our cotemporary of the *Democrat* notices Mr. Weed's manifesto as follows:

Mr. Thurlow Weed, after doing all in his power to destroy the Union party, and build up the Copperhead Democracy, after publishing attacks upon the administration, whose malignity was only excelled by their stupidity, and after coquetting and cohabiting with the McClellanites as long as he thought them likely to win, now perceives from the result of the October elections, that Mr. Lincoln is certain of success. His keen scent for the spoils, cultivated by long years of political plunder, tells him where to seek his prey, and so he hurriedly breaks from the embraces of his Copperhead friends, and runs from their camp, from whence he has been barking with all his might at the Union party, and cries out, "Hurrah for Lincoln! Let me in! Let me come back! I'm all right now!"

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

From the Sandusky Register.

The citizen soldier of the American Republic presents to the world one of the sublimest spectacles recorded in its history. Not alone in all the most vaunted qualities of a soldier—such as fortitude, bravery, skill, courage, heroism, endurance, patriotism, love of country; attributes in themselves sufficient to immortalize the soldiery of any nation; but in that other feature almost peculiar to the soldier of the United States—that he is called upon not only to fight the enemy in the open field, with the bullet and the bayonet—but that he is called, and willingly comes home to fight the secret foe with the ballot. His undoubted right of suffrage, he leaves the front to go and exercise, that he and his country may not be stabbed unto death by the traitorous enemy behind.

The Macon (Ga.) *Constitutionalist*, in an article we copied a few days ago, on the kindness of Gen. Sherman, marvels where the troops that it professed to have discovered leaving Sherman's army, were going.

When the wondering rebel hears of the triumph in the State of Indiana, he will wonder still more, while his wonder is satisfied, that such things can be. He will partly know that the Indiana soldiers, prevented by the vote of the Copperhead Legislature from exercising the highest privilege the Constitution of the United States guarantees to every citizen alike, *in the front*, where they stood, a living wall between their families and the infatuated men who would so gladly ruin them with their country—and where, in all likelihood, they were needed—had strapped their knapsacks upon their backs, trailed their arms, and with double-quick time marched to the polls to deposit their ballots.

But the wondering rebel will be a deluded rebel if he imagines that while the soldiers of the Union are so true and prompt in the claim of their right as citizens and its manly assumption, their watch by the camp-fire is deserted. No! That too, is guarded, by other hearts as true—and it may be a few thousand of the dusky sons of the South stand their watch for a few brief hours!

Having exercised their right and performed their duty as citizens, exclusively, and so aided in this great and *peaceable* way to save their government, they will go back to labor in a more turbulent and warlike manner for the same good and noble end. "I came not to bring peace, but the sword, into the world," said Christ, and to set the world at variance with itself, until all wrong is banished from its fair face.

The way to peace of mind is through tribulation of soul; and the way to National peace is through general convulsion, whereby the evil agencies among the people are distracted and made powerless, and the latent virtues are startled into life and activity. Temporary war is the road to perpetual peace; and though we may not hope for *this* glorious consummation from the present war, we can be happy in the consciousness that we have made a long stride in that direction.

Not the least, then, but the most glorious and brightest feature of the war originated by conspiracy to overthrow the liberties of the people, and prosecuted now to suppress the huge rebellion that conspiracy developed, is The Soldier's Vote.

While the most humiliating and blackest feature of the same war is that other fact that there was a necessity for the soldier's vote, created by the treachery of wolves in sheep's clothing, aristocrats in disguise, pretended Democrats, desperadoes and barbarians, peace professors, who are constantly stabbing at the life of the Nation, and making onslaughts upon the privileges of the Soldiers of the Republic—to accomplish their and her ruin.

While the soldiers of America maintain their sympathy with their families and the spirit of the civil government, by a frequent interchange of letters and the regular and uninterrupted exercise of their civil privileges, the freedom of thought and action asserted by the self-sacrificing heroes of 1776 will not be lost—but on the contrary, it will be established in strength, perpetuated for the light, and joy, and consolation, of future ages.

A MODEST PROPOSITION.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the rebel Confederacy, cheered by "a ray of light," has written a letter to some one in Georgia, in which he suggests a way of *saving the Union*. His suggestion is contained in the following paragraph:

"Easy and perfect solutions to all present troubles and those far more grievous ones which loom in prospect, and portentously threaten in the coming future, is nothing more than the simple recognition of the fundamental principle and truth upon which all American constitutional liberty is founded, and upon the maintenance of which alone it can be preserved—that is, the sovereignty, the ultimate, absolute sovereignty of the States. This doctrine our Legislature announced to the people at the North and to the world. It is the only key-note to peace—permanent, lasting peace—consistent with the security of the public liberty.

"The old Confederation was formed upon this principle. The old Union was afterwards formed upon this principle. No league can ever be formed or maintained between any State, North or South, securing public liberty, upon any other principle."

This Calhoun doctrine of absolute State sovereignty is the grand heresy which Webster demolished, and Gen. Jackson suppressed, for a time, by a threatened resort to the strong arm. It counts the Federal Union to be a mere league between sovereign and independent States, a kind of Germanic Confederation, utterly void of national life and of national sovereignty. This theory runs counter to all the opinions entertained by the founders of our government, and is at variance with the judicial decisions of the Supreme Court through a period of eighty years. It is a theory in favor of chaos, war, and anarchy. Invented in the interest of oppression, it is now put forth to serve the purpose of a winding-sheet in preparing the old Union for its final grave.

That there are certain rights secured to the States by the National Constitution is admitted by all. But the possession and enjoyment of these rights do not impart the character or attributes of sovereignty to any State, in any such just and proper sense as to destroy or paralyze the supreme constitutional authority of the Federal government.

Mr. Stephens seems to think that a "cessation of hostilities," and an "ultimate Convention," would enable delegates from the several States to frame some new league on the ruins of the present Union, and thus secure peace for the future. If sincere in making such a proposition, Mr. Stephens invites the friends of the Union to a repast of which they will never consent to partake.

"Union-saving" has been for nearly four years a serious, earnest, and costly occupation, and can never be abandoned until it has finished its intended task.

When the Spanish army under Parma was trying to destroy the Dutch Republic, its soldiers said, "If we get Antwerp, you shall go to mass with us; If you save Antwerp, we will all go to conventicle with you."

In like manner, the friends of the Union may say to Mr. Stephens, and others like minded with him, "If you destroy the Union by force of arms, we will see what kind of league may be formed; and if you do not so destroy it, we will then see what this monstrous theory of absolute State sovereignty is worth—a theory which has filled the land with blood and tears, and aims at nothing less than the destruction of the Republic of the United States."

THE EXPERIMENT OF "CESSATION."

From the Western New-Yorker.

The Copperheads propose to substitute the experiment of cessation for the "experiment of war." This is the only proposition contained in their platform. Their leaders openly conceded that if we were to continue the war, the present Administration would do as well as any. Mr. Vallandigham and others said that if they were to favor a *war* candidate, they would as soon go for Lincoln as anybody. They don't want any further prosecution of the war. They "explicitly declare" that the "experiment" is a failure, and that cessation and negotiation must take the place of hostilities. This is what they mean and what they say.

Let us see, now. We have had during this war *two* periods of a *cessation of hostilities;* one while *Buchanan was President*—the other while *McClellan was General-in-Chief.*

It will not be denied, of course, that the rebel leaders inaugurated war in the Winter of '60 and '61, during the last months of Buchanan's term. They seized by force and through stratagem all but three or four of the National forts, navy yards, public buildings, etc., in the Gulf States. They adopted formal Acts of Secession. They elected officers and organized military forces. Jefferson Davis was inaugurated, and as much President and leader as he is to-day, some time before President Lincoln took the oath to see the laws faithfully executed, and declared his intention to repossess the National forts and public property. To all intents and purposes war was commenced. What was the policy of that portion of the Democratic party which then controlled Buchanan and now directs the Copperhead movement? It was negotiation -palaver—conventions—compromise—conciliation! Then, as now, it was *anything* but a manly and patriotic purpose to preserve the National integrity, and defend the National life and honor against the mad assaults of rebels and traitors, with every weapon which God and Nature put into their hands. They connived at treason. They dallied with and coaxed rebellion. They were prepared to make any sacrifice, however humiliating and disgraceful, rather than perform their simple duty of laying the strong hand of National Power upon the infant monster, Secession, and strangling its hated life out! They saw no power to "coerce" madmen from their avowed purpose of destroying the National life. And so they forbore to meet "hostilities" with force, and, fed by their kindness and conciliatory attentions, the brat of Secession waxed strong, and all its hydra heads were raised in ARMED REBELLION when the new Administration came into power.

Here, then, were four months during which there were no "hostilities" on the part of the imperiled government. Four months a thousand times worse than wasted in "exhausting the resources of statesmanship" that McClellan talks about. The leaders of the rebellion declared then, as they declare now, that they will never cease *their* hostilities until their independence is secured, or they are conquered by force of arms. They gratefully accepted "cessation" on our part then, as they would with ten fold more gratitude now, for the purpose of strengthening their armies and increasing their means of resistance. They did then as they would now, *increase their resources of war*, while we *exhausted our resources of statesmanship.*

Loyal Americans! shall we repeat our folly, and give them the chance?

The second "cessation of hostilities," as we remarked, was while Little Mac was directing the "experiment of war." For months and months he lay idle, or frittered away the golden days in useless parade. There was no Emancipation proclamation to offend our enemies, nor Confiscation Act to make them feel the burdens of the war which themselves commenced. All was lovely and peaceable. The war was being prosecuted (Heaven save the mark!) on peace principles!—under mild and beneficent Crittenden resolutions. There was "cessation" tried with a vengeance! McClellan kindly gave to "our present adversaries" their most needed ally—Time! "How fortunate for us McClellan was called to the command of the Yankee army!" exclaimed the Richmond *Examiner*, after his removal. And well might every rebel respond—Amen!

What was the result of this second "experiment" of cessation? It is written in characters never to be erased, in the blood and tears of tens of thousands of brave men and heroic women—whose sacrifices were caused by a prolonged and desperate war. Rejecting offers of peace and protection under the Constitution and laws of the Union, the desperate rebels met us with such new force and fury, after this period of cessation, that our army was crowded back, bleeding and disheartened, to the cover of the gunboats on which its doughty Commander took refuge during its hour of fiercest trial. And the strength and desperation that accomplished this were gained during our second trial of cessation—not formally proclaimed, but none the less useful to rebels.

Are the people prepared to repeat an "experiment" which has twice failed so signally and terribly? Will they not rather strengthen and encourage the government in the "experiment of war"—a means that has been so far blessed that to-day Grant, and Sherman, and Farragut, and Sheridan—closing in upon the waning rebellion—unite in the assurance so grateful to every patriotic heart—that we SHALL SUCCEED, speedily and completely, if we are but true to ourselves, and as faithful to our government and its principles at the ballot-box as our soldiers are on the battle-field.

Close up the ranks and push on the column!

Then and Now.—We are very sure that the same amount of stale abuse and charges of Abolitionism, which the *Journal* heaps upon us daily, would have been sufficient, four years ago to have caused the destruction of our office by a pro-slavery mob, any day in the week, to say nothing of the Sabbath.

Why is it that the Louisville *Journal* can rail away now, at the rate of half a column a day, and accomplish nothing of the sort? Will Lincoln bayonets explain all this change? Or has the *Journal* lost its influence with the mob party of 1856?

It is a "cruel war" that so interferes with the sports of the Slave Power, which prevents its devotees from burning a few houses occasionally, and destroying a few *objectionable printing offices*, as they did Cas. Clay's once upon a time, just for amusement. "When this cruel war is over," we shall see what we shall see.—*Louisville Union Press.*

Gen. David B. Birney, almost in the hour of his death, presented an example of patriotism which should be a reproach to all the lukewarm and a spur to all the careless nominally in the Union ranks. He was brought to Philadelphia on election day, with the impression of death upon his features. Before allowing himself to be taken to his home, he insisted upon being carried to the polls, to vote, as a citizen, for the cause for which he had fought as a soldier.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

We are now sending out bills to subscribers in arrears for the Standard. Those who receive them will greatly oblige us by promptly remitting their dues. The expenses of publication have increased so much of late, that every dollar due from subscribers is needed to avert serious embarrassment. And if our friends, in sending their own subscriptions, would at the same time send us each the name and pay of one or more new subscribers, they would thereby render the most effective service to the cause, and do much to encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of its managers. We are sure that many of our readers might, by an earnest trial, double and even quadruple the circulation of this paper in their respective neighborhoods. Will they not try?

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Twenty-seventh Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Horticultural Hall, West Chester, November 11th.

In order to economize the time, it is proposed to hold one session, mainly for business, from 10, a. m., till 4, p. m., and an evening session for able speakers to present their views of the present aspect of the cause.

A full attendance of members of the Society, and of all interested in the great cause of Emancipation, was never more desirable or important than now.

The "military necessity" powers thus far exercised by President Lincoln, combined with ballot-box and cartridge-box, have not yet wholly abolished slavery. It is no time, therefore, for believers in the more potent power of spiritual weapons to relax their energies.

Passengers from Philadelphia may take the cars at Thirty-first and Market streets at 8.15 and 11 a. m., and return from West Chester at 4.30 p. m., or early the next morning. James Mott, Pres.

Benjamin C. Bacon, Cor. Sec.

THE THUGS OF SLAVERY.

The corruption of blood worked by slavery has manifested itself often enough and in manifold ways ever since it first drew the breath of its hateful life. But a more convincing proof of the utterly demoralization of manners occasioned by its evil communications has never been displayed to the world than in the exposition by Mr. Holt of the conspiracy recently detected aiming at the very life's life of the nation. His report is long, too long for the columns of newspapers in general; but it is one that it behooves of loyal citizens and every friend to free institutions to study attentively. It is soon, if it has not been done already, published in a compact and cheap form within the reach of every one. It is the culmination of the plot which has been in existence ever since slavery was made part and parcel of our institutions, to make it virtually and effectively the whole of them. Virtually and effectively it was so for many years, and might have succeeded in incorporating itself with our whole State and our entire Church had it not been for the anti-slavery antagonism which it excited, at once, and which excited it to more stringent and desperate measures. It had insensibly and gradually insinuated itself into every department of government, established itself in every bureau of administration, and placed itself at the head of the army and on the quarter-deck of the navy; it represented the nation at foreign courts and exercised a tyrannic mastery upon the Bench of the Supreme Court. It held the purse-strings in one hand and the sword in the other, and there was none to molest and make it afraid. For no one had yet spoken the word which was its doom of death. Everybody said it was a great pity, but nobody said it was a great crime. Everybody said that the slaveholders were most unfortunate; but nobody proclaimed that they were criminals of the deepest dye, towards God and their fellow-men. Everybody said slavery is a moral evil, yet one for which nobody was to blame; but nobody said that it was a sin against God and man, for which the only possible and the only safe remedy was repentance and an immediate ceasing from it.

At last Garrison spoke the word and it was felt in the remotest fastnesses of the Slaveland. The masters felt that their hold on the nation could not be retained long, unless such utterances could be hushed in eternal silence. From the moment that they discerned that there was a resolute and intelligent opposition arrayed against their system, inspired by a fanaticism over which none of the common engines of repression had any power, they knew that the sceptre would depart from them unless their domination could be made undisputed and absolute. Failing of this, they determined from that hour, that they would have a domain of their own which should be crossed by no blighting words of truth and freedom. It is now not denied by the Secessionists that the scheme of secession was devised more than a quarter of a century ago and that its framers and their followers had only been biding their time until the pet hour should arrive. They certainly took their measures well and this conspiracy is one of the fruits of their policy. But it is only one of a latter growth. The harvest of mischiefs which they had sowed has been reaped over and over again during the past thirty years. The system of espionage and terrorism organized all over the slave States, which made every man take his life in his hand when he crossed the frontier of any of them, unless he were willing to pay suit and service to the paramount power, protected the sacred soil itself from the intrusion of fatal ideas. The influences which, issuing forth from the slaveholding councils, corrupted Northern society in its every phase, social, political, religious, held the nation in long subjection to their behests. All political parties, of any pretensions to a National character, vied with each other in their demonstration of loyalty and devotion. Every Church took slavery into its bosom and almost every pulpit blessed and baptized it. Fashion, trade, professional cliquism, were all rallied to its side. It is only amazing that any head was made against such a well-compacted and determined phalanx. Secret societies had been in operation all this time, principally in the South and on the border, under different names, but with the one object of extending and strengthening slavery. Hence proceeded the annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, the Kansas villainy, and finally the rebellion.

The hand of these wicked conspiracies was to be seen and felt everywhere, just before the war actually broke out. An Abolitionist could not show his head anywhere in the free States without finding an organized mob arrayed against him. Oddly enough, this city was almost the only place in which Free Speech could be had on the matter of slavery. A boon which we owed to the existence of the Metropolitan Police. While Wendell Phillips was hunted by bloodthirsty mobs, seeking his life, Sunday after Sunday, in the forenoon, in the streets of Boston, he could be heard quietly, by night, in the Cooper Institute in New York. A circumstance which shows the vital importance of having honest men at the head of our great cities and in control of the police. The mad haste of the slaveholders, their contempt of us, and their assured belief that they were to have an easy and bloodless victory over us, spoiled these well-laid plans for the time. The meshes of these nets which had been so diligently and so carefully laid for us, were broken by the nation starting to its feet in April, 1861, and disappeared with the traitors who had woven them. But they have been spun again and cunningly disposed so as to betray our feet unto death. The report of Mr. Holt shows how slavery has besotted and debauched the minds and hearts of all who have been exposed to its infection. Here we see displayed a system which can only be paralleled by that of the Thugs in India, erecting assassination, robbery, treason, into virtues, to the service of which thousands of men of decent external character, and respectable occupations, had bound themselves by the most solemn oaths. The forwarding of men and supplies to the rebels, the hindering of recruiting and the draft, at home, the conveyance of treasonable intelligence, intimidation by threats of violence and by actual murder of Union men, soldiers and civil officers, where it was likely to be of service to the enemy, all this organized, like Free Masonry, with signs and pass-words, and ramified all over the United States! Such an exhibition of social rottenness would be appalling indeed, did we not see that a recuperative energy in the body politic had enabled it to make head against this most loathsome disease. We cannot but believe that the voice of the people on the next eighth of November will awe these traitors into a silence as deep as that which followed that uttered on the day after Sumter. To the stern, deep, bitter, denunciation of slavery uttered by Mr. Holt, as the parent, of this ally of the rebellion as well as of the rebellion itself, we believe great numbers of men, originally no more fanatical than he, everywhere, will say Amen!

The people may now see, in the evidence laid before them, what manner of men are to govern them, if the McClellan party prevail, and what will be the means they will use to bring about their ends. We do not believe that Gen. McClellan is art and part of this treasonable plot. He has not force of character enough to be a traitor of this eminence. The Knights of Liberty, or whatever is their latest style, would bethink many times before they would encumber themselves with his help. But of such men he is to be the instrument and the tool. Nominated by Jefferson Davis, supported by the Seymours and the Woods, he will be the puppet of Vallandigham and his accomplices, should he ever reach the height of power. We are confident that the people will never suffer this crime against themselves to be perpetrated. But in order to make themselves absolutely safe, they must be as emphatic in their action now as they were when these same miscreants were trodden out of sight three years and a half ago. The vote against McClellan must not only be a majority, but it must be a great majority. All honest men who would not have the peace of the country and their own lives and property given up to the tender mercies of these Thugs whom slavery has engendered, must crush them at the polls next month. If they do not, they will have either to crush them in the battle-field, or submit to them as the viceroys of the rebels—rebels, no longer, but the victorious masters of the nation.

THE INSIDE TRACK.

For a hundred days the Emancipation policy lay like a glittering prize between Federals and Confederates. The President had publicly bound his own hands so that he could not pluck it: he had in effect tossed it into the enemy's camp. But they would not receive it. Their peninsular triumph was too fresh—their immunity from destruction at Antietam too encouraging—to suggest the desperate resort of destroying slavery in order to secure independence. At that time no shrunken and divided Confederacy, with a hostile army like a barbed arrow at its heart, every port closed save one, and its Capital relentlessly besieged, paralyzed the Southern heart with the fear of imminent doom, or stilled the braggart tongues whose cry was "On to Pekin!" Vicksburg had not been taken, and the Mississippi opened; Sherman had not carried the whirlwind of war across two States unmolested; Chattanooga and East Tennessee were still in rebel possession; the safety of Atlanta was beyond solicitude; the Shenandoah Valley had not been bequeathed by Stonewall Jackson to Philip Sheridan; Grant was not at the throat of Richmond; Charleston had not been bombarded; the Mobile forts had not been passed and captured. Last, but not least, no colored free or freedmen in arms had confronted the chivalry at Wagner, at Olustee, at Moscow, Port Hudson and Milliken's Bend, and on the very banks of the James. Brighter visions of success in the field and foreign interference by recognition or material aid dispelled all gloomy forbodings, and made Mr. Lincoln's threat of emancipation a subject of infinite jest and ridicule.

The golden hour elapsed, never to return to those who neglected its opportunity. The first of January came, and with it punctually the Proclamation of Freedom, which settled the relation of the two contending parties to the black race, and anchored this element of the controversy to the cause of the Union. Two years of war with justice and the negro on our side have convinced our adversaries of their fatal mistake in the closing quarter of 1862. If already they had abandoned the hope of dominion with which their nefarious enterprise was undertaken, they clung in all confidence to their resolution to establish a separate and a slave-holding nation. Again the choice is presented them of relinquishing their design in part or altogether—between half a loaf and an empty pannier; and the decision is critical. The condition of the rebel armies, in point of numbers and efficiency, indicates alarmingly how near is the subjugation which mocks at empire. Certainly there has been no such confession of weakness, no such evidence of extremity on the part of the Southern conspirators as their recent discussions, in open day, of the necessity of arming their slaves. We publish to day an article on this topic from the Richmond *Enquirer*, and the advice of the rebel Governor Allen, of Louisiana, to the Confederate war department. Each urges the conscription of the colored population, and the *Enquirer* enforces the obvious justice of making freedom the reward of service. Logically this is the abandonment of slavery. In effect, the promise of freedom is as worthless as the generality of Southern pledges. But the lying bait will not avail. The slave has had two years in which to learn unmistakably the whereabouts of his friends, and he knows them to be on the Northern side of the opposing lines. He will not volunteer to follow Forrest to another Fort Pillow, he will not be eager to encamp amid the vestiges of his massacred brethren, nor to aim the deadly bullet at black faces in blue uniforms. He may be driven into the ranks, but he cannot be coerced into efficiency or trustworthiness. He will desert at the first opportunity, and turn his weapons upon those from whom he received them.

Gen. Canby understands exactly the advantage of the Federal government in this competition. He proclaims to those who would be affected by Gov. Allen's plan if carried out, that they can obtain their freedom in a simpler way than by fighting to fasten fetters upon the limbs of others: they have only to come within his lines. He will treat them as refugees, give employment to themselves and reasonable support to their families, not compel them to serve as United States soldiers, nor to be unequally subjected to any draft which may be ordered in his department. So far as mere volition is concerned, is there any doubt which party will obtain the larger number of recruits with their respective inducements? The rebel authorities, it is true, are stronger in their forcible control of the slaves, but they have not a particle of moral ascendency, nor does a single bondman at this moment need to hear of Gen. Canby's order to decide him to embrace the cause of the Union in preference to that of its enemies. In the Autumn of 1862, there might have been a question of his allegiance; in the Autumn of 1864, the question cannot be raised.

There will be many households to mourn the new calamity which has befallen the family of the heroic Col. Shaw, in the loss of their son-in-law, Col. Charles Russell Lowell, Jr., commanding the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, who was slain in the recent battle at Cedar Creek. Col. Lowell was one of the most efficient officers in the cavalry service, and had frequent successful engagements with Mosby's guerillas, while guarding the environs of Washington. He was brother of Capt. James Russell Lowell, who perished at Malvern Hill, and cousin of Lieut. Lowell Putnam, victim of Ball's Bluff; as well as a connection of Theodore Parkman, who died on a North Carolina battle-field. Four more highly-bred, well-educated, courageous, and withal gentle and modest young men have not laid down their lives on the altar of liberty.

The indefatigable Wm. S. Bailey has reëstablished his paper, the *Free South*, at Newport, Kentucky.

THE GROUNDS OF OUR THANKSGIVING.

The President's summary of the reasons for thanksgiving is well-considered and comprehensive, while part of the phraseology is worthy of more than a passing notice. God, as will ever be the case in the controversies of men, has been claimed with all confidence as the stay and protection of each party in our civil warfare. The blasphemous assumption of his favor by men who were rebels against Heaven before they rose upon the Republic, has not been justified in the long run. We can now look back and admire how every Federal defeat involved a Federal blessing, and begrudge the conspiracy no one of its successes by which it has been sustained for a surer overthrow. In this retrospect it is impossible to forget that the great cause depended not more on the hearts and consciences, the sturdy arms and unflinching determination, of the people of the North than upon the harmonious operations of the laws of nature, which are beyond our control and present foresight. Pestilence has shunned us; the crops have yielded us plenty; the rigorous seasons have been abated; the tide of immigration has set in again, spite of the new liabilities of citizenship; the paucity of laborers has been largely repaired—all things have worked together, as for those who merited the Divine approbation. Though the anglo-rebel corsairs have cost us a large part of the carrying-trade, business has been active as never before. New sources of wealth, as the President remarks, have been unexpectedly, yet most opportunely opened to us, among which may be instanced petroleum—quite literally the oil we pour upon the troubled waters of foreign intervention, paying our debts abroad and enriching the national treasury. The inventive genius of the land has been thoroughly taxed by the necessities of war, and has produced discoveries which will shine in the coronet of peace.

The eighth of November will furnish the final proof of "fortitude, courage and resolution" with which the people are inspired, under the heavy burden of rebellion. But one who walks the streets of any of our large cities, will find in the very routine of bustle and employment, in the social machinery which works as though no war were nearer than the Indies, in the crowded thoroughfares, in the theatres and the lecture-halls, in the absence, briefly, of all solicitude and worry, convincing evidence of a settled purpose which means the opposite of surrender—the purpose to continue the war to the attainment of its ends. It is not indifference; it is not the reaction from four years of terrible excitement; it is the consummate flower of hardships, rebuffs, disappointments, failures; it is the appreciation of a cause whose holiness has been steadily heightening from the first; it is the intelligent verdict of thoughtful freemen in behalf of lofty principles which have been wantonly assailed.

That date marks an epoch when the President of the United States invokes the nation's gratitude to God, who has "largely augmented our free population." How many Free States have been added to the Union without a sign of rejoicing on the part of Executive or people! How many slave States admitted without wide-spread lamentation, or any fast recommended! Besides the myriads unshackled by his Emancipation proclamation, the President has given us reason to believe that his words refer to the citizens of Maryland, who, white as well as black, stand also arrayed in the resplendent garb of freedom, and will be heard above many voices in the general anthem next month. The day of thanksgiving for successful compromise with sin is over. We cease to offer thanks for a Union saved at the expense of the natural rights of our fellowmen. Peace is no longer welcome—we pray, rather, that it may be averted—which is the scab and not the cicatrice of our grievous sore. We hail the triumphant spread of free institutions; we exult in every new bulwark against the return of the extended barbarism; we bow our heads at the prospect of the regenerated State—homogenous, based on the equal brotherhood of its citizens, tranquil, prosperous, free!

Note another expression. The President speaks of "the great trial of civil war into which we have been brought by our adherence as a nation to the cause of the freedom and humanity," No mention here of the cause of the Union. Because the greater includes the less. Because the season is ripe for declaring the logical order of our motives. Because we are prouder now of our moral than of our political justification. Because we are learning to build on the enduring plan of principle. Mr. Webster's "words of delusion and folly" are adopted as the only wisdom and the highest expediency—"Liberty first and Union afterwards." We do not fear that they will be separated, or that we shall lose the substance in pursuing the idea. There is no union which is not born of peace; there is no peace but that which comes of purity; it is only the pure in heart who cannot afford to be slaves.

THE UNION AND EMANCIPATION SOCIETY ON THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST IN AMERICA.

At a meeting of the Executive of the Union and Emancipation Society of Manchester, held on the 4th October, 1864, the following resolutions were moved by Mr. T. H. Barker, seconded by Mr. J. C. Edwards, and unanimously passed:

1st. That this Executive, in view of the vast issues and great principles involved in the coming contest for the election of a President of the United States, feel bound to express to their brethren in America their deep sympathy with them in their heroic endurance while passing through the fiery furnace of a terrible war—a war to maintain constitutional government and to ensure to all people, of whatever color or clime, who dwell within the boundaries of the republic, the right to life, to liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness.

2d. That this Executive, having watched with intense anxiety the conduct and proceedings of those who are identified with the cause of freedom, as well for the white free people of the free States as for the black, entertain a profound conviction that the cause of liberty, justice, and good government will be most certainly secured and most speedily attained by the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, who by his many acts and declarations, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, has shown himself worthy of the confidence of every loyal American, and of the esteem of every lover of human freedom.

3d. That this Executive feel that they are entitled to record a distinct and special expression of their sentiments, seeing that the agents in this country of the slaveholding rebel Confederacy are obtaining adhesions to a so-called "Appeal for Peace in America" in which it is falsely represented that the people of Great Britain and Ireland look upon the cause of the North as "hopeless"; the real object of the appeal being to instigate the American people to acts of disloyalty towards their country, and treason towards their Constitution, and thereby do dishonor to themselves and to humanity.

4th. That this Executive, having carefully scrutinized the expressed opinions of the people of this kingdom, feel fully convinced that the intelligent, honest-minded, and liberty-loving of all classes of society, but especially the industrial, most heartily desire and long for the permanent establishment of the republic, on those bases which alone can insure real prosperity and true greatness, viz, free government, a free press, free schools, and free labor.

5th. That in the name and on behalf of the thousands whom they officially represent, and of the millions who are sympathetically allied with them in spirit and aim, the Executive take this opportunity of urging, earnestly and hopefully, upon the President, his Cabinet, the Congress, and the American people, in this the time of their national crisis, to declare in unmistakable terms, in the spirit of patriotism and of true Christian manhood, that the Union shall be preserved intact; that the wicked rebellion shall be crushed; that by force of the national will, constitutionally expressed, slavery, the guilty and loathsome cause of rebellion, shall be utterly destroyed, and forever outlawed; and that the ever-blessed era of peace shall inaugurate the reign of justice and equal rights under the law, and of perfect freedom to every human being within the great Republic.

Signed on behalf of the Executive,

John H. Estcourt, Chairman.
Saml. Watts, Jr., Treasurer.
John C. Edwards, } Hon. Secs.
Edwd. Owen Greenieg, }

Manchester, 51 Piccadilly, Oct. 4, 1864.

A Union Meeting at Pensacola.—A citizen of this town writes with the exuberant satisfaction of one "who knows the oppression of rebeldom from severe experience," to inform us of the first Union meeting held there since "Satan's reign." Capt. E. D. Strank, of the 82d U. S. Colored Regiment, was the orator of the occasion, and delivered a plain-spoken, effective address upon the duties of an American citizen. He offered in closing, a patriotic resolution, which expressed adherence to Lincoln and Johnson, as the genuine representatives of Liberty and Union, and which was adopted "amid deafening cheers." Our correspondent thinks that a loyal sentiment is spreading among the inhabitants.

THE HON. GEORGE THOMPSON IN VERMONT.

Editorial Correspondence of the Standard.

Montpelier, Vt., Oct. 21, 1864.

I have spent the past week in my native State, in company with our beloved friend, the Hon. George Thompson, and I should fail in my duty to the readers of the Standard if I did not give them at least a brief account of his reception by the liberty-loving people who inhabit this Switzerland of America.

We left Boston on Friday last, the 14th inst., and arrived in Peacham, my native town, the same day. It was my desire that Mr. Thompson should see the beautiful scenery of this region in its best aspects, but we entered the State "under a cloud," and with the rain beating in our faces; and when we rose the next morning after our arrival, we beheld the land covered, as far as the eye could reach, with snow! The State had put on her robe of ermine, that she might give fit welcome to the noble champion of universal liberty! The country was indeed beautiful in its wintry aspect, but I desired to show our forests in their ripened glory under the full rays of an October sun. But however wintry the prospect out-of doors, within all was bright and cheerful. Hospitality among the people of the Green Mountains grows not colder, but warmer, as the mercury falls!

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Thompson addressed the people of Peacham in the Congregational church, at the usual hour of religious worship, the Pastor, Rev. A. Boutelle, conducting the devotional services. The Methodists suspended their usual meeting and came in a body to hear the distinguished stranger, and a considerable number of persons, in spite of the rain, came in from the neighboring towns. This was Mr. Thompson's first speech in Vermont, and it gave great delight to the crowded congregation of farmers, and their wives, sons and daughters. In the evening, at the earnest solicitation of the people, he spoke again, and, although the night was dark and rainy, a large assembly flocked to hear him, many of them riding over rough and hilly roads, in almost pitchy darkness, a distance of four or five miles.

On Monday we went by private conveyance over the hills to St. Johnsbury, the principal town in the North-eastern part of the State, and indeed one of the most beautiful in all New England. The people of this place hearing that Mr. Thompson was coming to the State manifested an eager desire to hear him. In the evening, therefore, the beautiful and spacious Town Hall

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23, 1864.

MR. STANTON, in his first dispatch announcing Sheridan's latest victory, states that "the rebel authorities *of Washington and Baltimore*" had calculated upon Early's winning a great success over our troops in the Shenandoah Valley. This singular language makes some of our secession citizens squirm. They do not like to be called "rebels" by the Secretary of War, especially as some of the worst of them have got the best contracts out of the War Department that have been given to anybody in Washington.

The fact that Mr. Stanton asserts cannot be denied. In secession circles, for a fortnight, intimations have been given out that Early was heavily reinforced, and that he would recover his lost prestige in the Shenandoah Valley. As is generally known, a part of the troops under Sheridan were on their way to the James river. The rebel authorities knew of this fact, even when it was unknown in Washington (I mean among the people generally), for the Richmond papers announce the fact. And to tell the truth, Sheridan's army came very near destruction, or, to speak within bounds, a great disaster. The final result was a substantial victory. The Opposition, in all parts of the country, were hungering and thirsting for a rebel victory, and they cannot content themselves with the result. I asked a pretty honest Copperhead of my acquaintance, yesterday, if he was not sorry that Sheridan finally won a victory that atoned for the disaster of the morning. He replied, with amusing frankness, "Well, I suppose I must say *yes*. It is not, however, that I desire the rebels to win a victory, or to succeed in achieving their independence. I would look upon a disaster to our troops at this time with complacency, if I thought it would result in the election of Gen. McClellan as President—just as you was resigned to the Federal defeats in the early history of the war, believing that they led to the emancipation of the slaves. I should be willing to endure temporary defeat for the sake of the adoption of a sound policy in the Administration, which alone can save us!" It was the first time that I had heard a member of the Opposition admit that he desired to hear of rebel victories (unless he was also desirous that the rebels should finally succeed), and his justification of this wish was somewhat entertaining. I have no doubt that the Opposition generally desire Grant to be defeated before Richmond. When the Presidential election is over, the two classes of Democrats—Peace and War—will separate. The rebel sympathizers, of course, at all times delight to hear of rebel victories, for they desire the rebels finally to triumph. But there is a wing of the Opposition party which is not rebel, and is at heart patriotic. These men will rejoice over our own victories, and will yet look with shame upon their conduct in this canvass.

The President's speech from the balcony of the White House, the other evening, to the Maryland men, gives great satisfaction. It was very shrewd of him to go out of his way and say a word respecting Seward's Auburn speech. The Secretary of State is unfortunate in making public speeches. He never contrives to make himself understood. This comes of his diplomatic style. He never was direct, but was, before he came to the State Department, diffuse, and liable to be misunderstood. Of late his style has grown muddy. I had heard, before Mr. Lincoln made his little speech, that he was dissatisfied with Mr. Seward's Auburn speech; and, also, that he was vexed with Montgomery Blair's indiscretions in New York. I now hear that he is indignant at Thurlow Weed's letter, and I do not see how it could well be otherwise. He says, in effect, that if there had been a chance to elect McClellan, he would have gone for him; but now that the people have spoken unmistakably for Lincoln, he will vote for the successful man. It is regarded here by everybody—Radical and Conservative, Republicans and Democrats—as a most disgraceful document; and from some little things I have heard, I am inclined to believe that Mr. Seward is very much ashamed of his old friend and political companion. Weed sticks to Seward, however, and this will account for some of Mr. Seward's mistakes.

The rebels in this vicinity have been exhibiting their usual hatred of colored men. The *Republican* of this city gives the following statement, which has since been fully confirmed, by the officers in command across the Potomac:

"On Tuesday night, October 17, a party of bushwhackers and horse thieves visited Falls' Church, and, after stealing several horses, made their appearance at the house of Mr. John D. Reed, at 1 o'clock in the morning, about one hundred yards from the Falls' Church hospital, where Mr. Reed and five colored men were acting as home guards. The marauders, some forty in number, rode up and hailed Mr. Reed and his men, calling him by name, and pretending to be friends until they had surrounded Mr. Reed and two negroes (the other three negroes, suspecting the party to be rebels, having fled), when they were taken prisoners. One of the negroes, unwilling to surrender, was shot dead; but Mr. Reed and the other negro were carried off in great haste by the gang some ten miles, when one of the leaders took Mr. Reed, and another the negro, pinioned, led them away from the party, and, hitching their horses by the road, proceeded some distance into the woods, and each endeavored to assassinate his victim.

"The negro was first shot, and being slightly wounded in the ear, he fell to the ground as if dead; but Mr. Reed was killed outright by a shot through the head, just back of the ears. The firing by pistols was so close to the head as to scorch the hair. After the victims were left for dead by the assassins, the wounded and frightened negro made his way back as quickly as possible to the house of Mrs. Reed, about sunrise, and informed her of the fate of her husband."

Falls' Church is but three or four miles from Washington, and if such murderous attacks are possible within sight of the Capital, what may we not expect? The Freedman's Village will yet be attacked by Mosby and his gang. They seem to fear nothing—hesitate at nothing. In these respects they are superior to our own cavalry in this region.

The friends of Lincoln and Johnson indulged in a grand torchlight procession on Friday evening. Copperheadism showed itself occasionally at the corners of the streets, and "groans" were plentiful. An unruly member of the procession set fire to a McClellan flag which hung across the Avenue. All respectable Republicans condemn the act. The Administration is very anxious that the election in every part of the country should be perfectly fair. *Rebels*, of course, will be kept from the polls, for such men have no political rights under this government. There are numbers of them in Maryland, and some in Delaware who would like to vote for McClellan, and they will probably attempt it. They are men who have, at one time or another, been actually in the South, and engaged in aiding the rebellion by positive acts.

Few people have any idea of the number of men in Maryland who have been, or now are, engaged in running goods South, or who have actually been in the Southern army. These men are actual rebels, and should not be permitted to vote, no matter how long they may live. The government may pardon such as see fit to abandon the rebellion, but the State should forever disfranchise them.

Henry Winter Davis is not to be in the next Congress. The Union men of his district have put forward a new man, and it is quite as well that they have done so. Mr. Davis is one of the ablest men in the present Congress, and is a staunch Republican; but he is too much inclined to quarrel with everbody who comes near him. It is extremely difficult for him to get along in any party organization, or under any Administration. He was made for an Opposition, and is uneasy when his own party is in power. The House will miss him, for he is one of its brightest ornaments. In England such a man would be kept in Parliament for the sake of his eminent abilities, if for nothing else.

The President is looking in better health than he was a month ago. The State elections have cheered him, and the weather is more bracing.

Mr. Chase's friends assert that he is to be nominated Chief Justice, after the election, and his enemies are quite positive to the contrary. In some circles it is fully believed that Mr. Stanton will leave the War Department for the vacant seat upon the Supreme Bench. There is probably no foundation for the story.

AVON.

MISS EDMONIA LEWIS, whose medallion of John Brown, after Brackett's bust, is favorably known to the community, has just presented us with a similar effigy of the President. The likeness is good, and the expression more cheerful than the cares of Mr. Lincoln always allow. There is also a corresponding bust, which we have not seen, and which is sold for $2—the price of the medallion being $1.50. On receipt of these sums, Miss Lewis will forward her works to any address. Her own is No. 89, Studio Building, Boston, Mass. We hope she will be remunerated according to her merit. She has shown great perseverance and a good order of talent, while her obstacles have been her sex and her complexion.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Oct. 24th, 1864.

SINCE I last wrote you, we have had a commencement of the Seventh Series of Lectures established by the Parker Fraternity. Each of these courses has received a large measure of popular favor, and has deserved success by the distinguished merit of the speakers provided, the highest accessible wisdom and talent being always engaged for this purpose. This year the list begins with two of your citizens, George William Curtis and Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham, whose lectures have been admirable, applying wit and wisdom to the great absorbing topic of our time. This week we are to have Miss Anna E. Dickinson, whose celebrity and eloquence will call together more persons than our Music Hall can hold. And, the following week, we are to be favored with a lecture by Professor Goldwin Smith. These names give a just idea of the merit of the entire course now in progress.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week, a very great meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, to hear the opinions and counsels of Hon. Edward Everett upon the present crisis of our country. Many distinguished gentlemen of this city had invited Mr. Everett to speak at this time and place, and the public interest in the event was manifested by an immense throng of both sexes, which besieged the doors long before the time appointed for opening them.

The meeting was called to order by Hon. Josiah Quincy, and Hon. Charles G. Loring was chosen its President.

In the very skillful and admirable introductory address of Mr. Loring, the question for consideration was stated to be whether we, twenty millions of freemen in arms against four millions of traitors under the rule of three hundred thousand slaveholders, with victory within our grasp, and our feet upon their necks, shall ignominiously lay down our weapons and implore a cessation of hostilities, that we may ascertain upon what terms they will condescend to resume their ancient sway over our national councils, or what guarantees they demand for the perpetuation and extension of their infernal traffic in human flesh and blood.

After a brief but pregnant notice of the fact that the most distinguished representatives of history, literature, philosophy and science, the ministers of religion and the brightest examples of poetic genius are all on our side in this controversy, Mr. Loring referred in terms of respect and gratitude to the eminent citizens of France and England who have borne their testimony in our favor. The names of Gasparin, Laboulaye and Laugel, said he, are ever to be held by us in grateful remembrance; and in England we may claim for our friends and allies John Stuart Mill, the profoundest thinker upon civil government in modern times; Professor Cairnes, who has enlightened not only his countrymen, but our own, by the ablest treatise upon American slavery which has yet appeared, and by frequent vindications of our cause in the public journals; the earnest and eminent Professor Newman; the great statesman, Richard Cobden; and the no less profound statesman and greatest orator of England, John Bright; and to these we add the distinguished expounder of national policy and of the philosophy of history, Professor Goldwin Smith, who has done more by his pen and his speech for the vindication of our country against the misapprehensions of the ignorant and the calumnies of its foes than any man in Europe.

The eminent gentleman last named was then upon the platform, among the distinguished guests of the meeting; and Mr. Quincy, presenting him at this point to the audience, called for three cheers for Professor Goldwin Smith, which were given with great enthusiasm.

In a few words of polished severity, but without bitterness, Mr. Loring made allusion to the very peculiar position in which Hon. Robert C. Winthrop now finds himself, in political alliance with men so incongruous with himself as the leaders and followers of the Democratic party. He then presented to the meeting, with due reference to his distinguished character and his public services, the gentleman whose speech was to be the chief attraction of the occasion.

The appearance of Mr. Everett on the platform was received with great applause, as his entrance into the hall had been. His task would have been a difficult one, had the disposition of the audience towards him been less favorable; for the work in hand was to vindicate the present Administration and declare his own alliance with the Republican party, and at the same time to make such a statement of his previous position as to soften its apparent contrariety to the present one, and even, if possible, to make his course appear to have been a continuance in one line of action, guided always by the same principles and purposes. The audience, however—both the elderly gentlemen on the platform who had been fraternally associated with Mr. Everett in the old days of the Whig party, and the young Republicans on the floor, who heartily desired a connection of a name so distinguished with their movement—were well disposed to favor this little illusion, and to let bygones be bygones. So they cheered the speaker with vigorous plaudits, alike in his rehearsal of the past, his statement of the requisitions of the present, and his ideas respecting a wise policy in the future. The meeting gave a perfect specimen of a "happy family," and the orator performed his task with consummate skill.

It was necessary, of course, for Mr. Everett to speak minutely, and at length, upon the subject of slavery, and his utterances upon this topic gave high satisfaction to his Republican audience. If this Administration is overturned, said he, 200,000 colored troops now rendering most important service in the trenches and forts, "yes, and in the front of the battle" (great applause), must be disbanded, and our armies diminished to that extent without previous preparation to replace them by additional white soldiers. Controverting the statement that Mr. Lincoln's insistance upon the abolition of slavery would prevent him from bringing the war to an honorable close, he declared that he found no foundation in fact for this assertion, and quoted against it the recent declaration of Jefferson Davis that "We are not fighting for slavery. It never was an essential element in the controversy." He showed clearly however that, in spite of this statement, and the kindred deceptions which have been circulated in Europe by emissaries of the rebellion, slavery *was* the cause of the war, and he gave a forcible recital of the circumstances which had authorized the President to draw a new weapon (the Emancipation Proclamation) "from the armory of the Public Law." This measure, he said, was warranted by clear principles of the law of nations, and was the exercise of the undoubted right of a belligerent in a just war. He had doubted its policy; he had never doubted its constitutionality; nor did he now believe that the adoption of this course had increased the difficulties of an honorable pacification.

Mr. Everett proceeded to show the absurdity of the claim that the foundations of the Union rest on slavery, and that it is at all events, and under all circumstances, and to the end of time, to be cherished and preserved. This, he said, is quite a recent idea; one of which the fathers of the Republic knew nothing, and which is refuted by the explicit testimony of Webster and Bancroft, as well as by such facts as the formation of a Manumission Society in East Tennessee in 1816, and by vigorous denunciation of slavery in the Legislature of Virginia, accompanied by a plan of emancipation reported by Thomas Jefferson Randolph, the grandson of President Jefferson, in 1832. He went on to describe, from the researches of Olmsted and others, the evil character and pernicious influence of slavery, and the small proportional number of persons directly interested in it, as additional evidence in support of the President's policy. Shall we then, asked the speaker, give up *our own* government in order to bring in successors who will offer new guarantees for the continuance of slavery? A vigorous response from the audience declared, "Never Never!"

In reference to the favorite opposition cry, "The Constitution as it is and the Union as it was," Mr. Everett maintained that, while the government had committed not the smallest violation of the Constitution, nor the slightest departure from the spirit of the Union, both these have been wholly disregarded and set at naught by the slaveholding interest.

After speaking more than an hour and a half, with alternations of breathless attention and enthusiastic applause from the immense audience, Mr. Everett closed by saying that the struggle could not be averted; that every sincere friend of the nation in the civilized world would deplore the overthrow of the Administration; and that, in after years, not only will South as well as North recognize the justice of our cause, but the South will date her own regeneration from our success in this struggle.

The proposition of the Chairman that a vote of thanks be passed by the audience for this eloquent address received a thundering "Aye," and was followed by nine cheers for Edward Everett, and three for Abraham Lincoln.

On Thursday evening of last week a lecture was delivered in the Tremont Temple by Wendell Phillips, introductory to a course founded by the Bay State Association. His subject was "The Presidential Election."

Without pretending to give a report or even an abstract of his lecture, I will merely give some slight indication of its scope and purport.

Our institutions, he said, rest on the idea of political equality. There never will be, never ought to be peace, until we fully attain this goal in practice. The negro must have the ballot-box. Hitherto his manhood has been admitted merely in theory, not in fact. There can be no permanent reconstruction of our nation without an admission of the political equality of the negro.

President Lincoln holds a different idea, and would leave the capital and labor of the South still at war with each other. If we reconstruct on the basis of his amnesty, as soon as our armies withdraw, the old oligarchs will again take their positions of influence and control, and again be sent to take their seats in Congress. Such reconstruction would not only leave the seeds of power in the South, but would invite foreign aggression to make profit from our disagreements. There can be no sure reconstruction which does not admit the negro as part of its basis, and by the same act, call into political life the poor whites of the South.

If we plant thus the seeds of liberty, Northern enterprise will invade and permeate those Southern States. We must create in the South a love of the Union by vindicating the rights of the mass of her population, the blacks and the poor whites. The Federal government should take the lead in this work. But the government should labor with clean hands. Let the negro's manhood be held sacred. Leave but an inch of slavery, and the slaveholders will resume their power.

The government indirectly might accomplish much towards this end by thoroughly ignoring the difference between white and black. But it has never chosen to take this ground.

Abraham Lincoln says, in extenuation of his course—"I don't lead, I obey events." This is true only of the man, not of the President. The head of this government has, and ought to exercise, immense power to modify events. Abraham Lincoln has failed to exercise this power aright, and he has failed not for want of vigor but want of will. He has had no purpose to press the South to extremities. He has tried merely to disarm slavery, not to destroy it.

The President can't prevent rebel outrages against negro soldiers. But Butler *can*.

The Cleveland movement was not a failure. It strengthened the Baltimore platform and drove Mr. Blair from the Cabinet. As for that Confederate gunboat that anchored off Chicago, and invited McClellan to be captain, my only prayer is for its defeat. And as for its would-be captain, I wish him the fate of his brother Semmes.

I have dared for twenty years, for the sake of the negro, to risk a division of the Union. I now dare, for his sake, to risk a division of the Republican party.

I dread Mr. Lincoln's reëlection because the pressure against him is diminishing, and only under such pressure has he ever done an anti-slavery act.

Though it was plain that Mr. Phillips's audience were strongly Republican in politics, the force and justice of his statements drew frequent and vigorous applause from them.

In the judgment of your correspondent, if Mr. Lincoln shall be reëlected, and shall continue the half-way course, in relation to the negroes, which he has thus far pursued, all the friends of universal and equal liberty must turn against him then, however (to avoid the worse evils of McClellan's election) they support him now. In that case, we shall all be thankful to Mr. Phillips for having persistently held up the claim of justice for the negro, and for having unflinchingly censured the Administration for its sins of omission and commission towards that important element of our population.

The Proclamation of Jan. 1st, 1863, though late, was very good as a beginning. Had it been energetically followed up, and had the government done what Mr. Phillips demands by ignoring all distinction between black and white, not only would our black regiments have been greatly increased in number, and more promptly paid, but no such disgraceful facts as the following would still be in existence.

A correspondent of the *Journal*, writing recently from Dalton, Ga., describing the pursuit of Wheeler's force by Col. Streight's regiment, thus speaks of the plantation of a wealthy rebel slaveholder, Ingraham:

"No negro men are seen round about the house; they have fled to the army and are soldiers of the flag. Soldiers of the flag! And yet, as I go from hut to hut, I find that these, their wives and children, do not know that they are free, do not know that their husbands' loyalty and their late *owner's* treason have broken their shackles, and from chattels made and admitted them as children of the nation."

Whenever the Executive is ready to declare in public that *his* Administration shall treat soldiers and men, and women, without distinction of color, this news will fly with telegraphic speed through all the regions of slavery; and then the wives of officers in the Confederate armies will no longer be able to exercise their accustomed tyranny at home over the slaves. Then negroes will refuse any longer to *be* slaves.

NORTH.

THE SHAW MONUMENT.

THE following interesting correspondence has been placed in our hands for publication. It is an honor to all the parties concerned:

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGIMENT MASS. INFANTRY,
MORRIS ISLAND, Oct. 7th, 1864.

BRIG.-GEN. R. SAXTON—*Dear General:* In behalf of the enlisted men of the 54th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, I respectfully request you to receive the enclosed sum of money, to be added to the sum subscribed by the Freedmen in the Department for the purpose of erecting a monument in memory of Col. Robert G. Shaw and those who died with him. Thanking you for the interest you have always manifested in the cause which is so dear to us, and for the trouble you have taken to do honor to those who so nobly died in its support, I have the honor to be, General,

Very respectfully, your obt. servt.,
E. N. HALLOWELL, Col. Com'dg.

Donations from the 54th Mass. V. I. to the Monument Fund:

Non-Commissioned Staff	$ 13 00
Company A	163 00
" B	381 00
" C	105 00
" D	200 00
" E	111 00
" F	154 00
" G	155 00
" H	37 00
" I	162 00
" K	64 00
Total	$1,545 00

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES, DISTRICT OF BEAUFORT,
BEAUFORT, S. C., Oct. 17th, 1864.

MY DEAR COLONEL: I have received your letter of the 7th forwarding fifteen hundred and forty-five dollars as a contribution from the enlisted men of your regiment to the monument soon to be erected in memory of their former Colonel, Robert G. Shaw, and those who fell with him in the assault on Fort Wagner. Please inform the donors that their generous contribution, with that contributed by the Freedmen in this Department, makes the fund now at hand three thousand dollars ($3,000). It is safely invested in Massachusetts interest-bearing bonds.

The glorious work which our armies in the field, and patriots at home are now doing, means that the day is not far distant when a granite shaft shall stand unmolested on South Carolina soil to mark the spot where brave men died, not, as recent developments have shown, alone as soldiers, but as *martyrs* in the cause of freedom. When for a month under my command your brave regiment guarded so vigilantly and soldierly six hundred rebel officers, near the spot where their Colonel and comrades were massacred, it required but little faith to believe that the scales of justice were turning towards the Right, and that it was time to commence the monument.

I am, Colonel, with great respect,
Yours, sincerely,
R. SAXTON, Brigadier-General Volunteers.
Col. E. N. HALLOWELL, Com'dg. 54th Regt. Mass. V. I.

PROCLAMATION OF THANKSGIVING BY THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Oct. 20th, 1864.

THE following proclamation was promulgated this afternoon.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

It has pleased Almighty God to prolong our National life another year, defending us with His guardian care against unfriendly designs from abroad, and vouchsafing to us in His mercy many and signal victories over the enemy who is of our own household. It has also pleased our Heavenly Father to favor as well our citizens in their homes as our soldiers in their camps and our sailors on the seas with unusual health. He has largely augmented our free population by emancipation and by immigration, while He has opened to us new sources of wealth, and has crowned the labor of our working men in every department of industry with abundant reward. Moreover, He has been pleased to animate and inspire our minds and hearts with fortitude, courage, and resolution sufficient for the great trial of civil war into which we have been brought by our adherence as a nation to the cause of freedom and humanity, and to afford to us reasonable hopes of an ultimate and happy deliverance from all our dangers and afflictions.

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart the last Thursday in November next, as a day which I desire to be observed by all my fellow-citizens, wherever they may then be, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God, the beneficent Creator and Ruler of the universe; and I do further recommend to my fellow-citizens aforesaid, that on that occasion they do reverently humble themselves in the dust, and from thence offer up penitent and fervent prayers and supplications to the Great Disposer of events for a return of the inestimable blessings of peace, union and harmony throughout the land which it has pleased Him to assign as a dwelling place for ourselves and our posterity throughout all generations.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this 20th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1864, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-ninth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:
WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

POLITICAL.

The latest advices from Ohio represent the reëlection of Mr. Ashley to be more than probable. As far as heard from, the soldiers' vote shows no discrimination between him and other Union candidates, and will suffice to counterbalance the majority against him on the home ballot. His opponent, Col. Rice, of the 57th Ohio, endeavors to accept McClellan and repudiate Pendleton—an impossibility well understood by the army.

The President, in reply to certain citizens of Tennessee who protested against the election-oath prescribed by Gov. Johnson, concludes that he has nothing to do with the matter; that he is charged with no duty in the Presidential election in any State; that the Governor and the Convention were the sole authors of the test oath plan, in which no menace, or violence, or coercion is contained; that the Military Governor has a right to make such arrangements as he deems proper for the preservation of the peace of the State; that to return to the former code of Tennessee in conducting an election is not now possible; that Congress alone can determine the validity of the State vote after it is cast; and that he declines in any way to interfere in any Presidential election, except for the purpose of giving protection against violence.

McClellan's double has at last been pricked into utterance. He writes to the Hon. John B. Haskin, of this city, in these vague but not unintelligible terms:

CINCINNATI, Oct. 17, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your friendly letter. Malignant misrepresentations and falsehoods are so frequent in our political struggles that I have rarely undertaken to correct or refute them.

I make no professions of a new faith, only repeat my reiterated professions of an old one, when I say that *there is no one who cherishes a greater regard for the Union*, who has a higher sense of its inestimable benefits, who would more earnestly labor for its restoration *by all means which will effect that end*, than myself. The Union is the guaranty of the peace, the power, the prosperity of the people, *and no man would deprecate more heartily or oppose more persistently the establishment of another government over any portion of the territory ever within its limits.*

I am in favor of exacting no conditions, insisting upon no terms not prescribed in the Constitution, and I am opposed to any course of policy which will defeat the reëstablishment of the government upon its old foundations, and in its territorial integrity. I am, very truly, yours, etc. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

Professor Goldwin Smith writes from Naushon, Mass., the Summer residence of John M. Forbes, Esq., to the Workingmen's Democratic Republican Association of this city as follows:

"I thank you for the present of your publications, and for the letter which accompanied them. To all the sentiments expressed in that letter I must cordially respond.

"The constitution and objects of your association point to the real significance of this struggle. It is a struggle not for the restoration of the Union—not for the abolition of negro slavery—but for the rights of labor throughout the world, and for the form of government by which alone those rights can be preserved.

"The slaveholder finds his natural allies in all who desire that the employer should be a lord, and that the laborer should be a slave. He must find his natural enemies in all who desire that the laborer shall be a man.

"Your association does well to assume the title democratic. They alone deserve that title who really uphold democratic principles. It would be ill bestowed upon an oligarchy of slave-owners, though conspiring, like the reactionary powers of the Old World, with the most ignorant and destitute of the people for the accomplishment of oligarchial ends. It is by conspiring with the most uneducated part of the French peasantry that French despotism has succeeded in overthrowing French liberty, and crushing the hopes of the workingmen of France.

"May the efforts which you are making in defence of our common principles be crowned with complete success."

In response to a serenade on the evening of the 19th inst., the President said:

"I am notified that this is a compliment paid me by the loyal Marylanders resident in this District. I infer that the adoption of the new Constitution for the State furnishes the occasion, and that in your view the extirpation of slavery constitutes the chief merit of the new Constitution. Most heartily do I congratulate you and Maryland, and the nation, and the world, upon the event. I regret that it did not occur two years sooner, which, I am sure would have saved to the nation more money than would have met all the private loss incident to the measure; but it has come at last, and I sincerely hope its friends may fully realize all their anticipations of good from it, and that its opponents may, by its effects, be agreeably and profitably disappointed. A word upon another subject: Something said by the Secretary of State, in his recent speech at Auburn, has been construed by some into a threat that, if I shall be beaten at the election, I will, between then and the end of my constitutional term, do what I may be able to ruin the government. Others regard the fact that the Chicago Convention adjourned not *sine die*, but to meet again if called to do so by a particular individual, as the ultimatum of a purpose that if the nominee shall be elected he will at once seize control of the government. I hope the good people will permit themselves to suffer no uneasiness on either point. I am struggling to maintain the government, not to overthrow it. I therefore say that if I shall live, I shall remain President until the 4th of next March. And whoever shall be constitutionally elected, therefore, in November, shall be duly installed as President on the fourth of March, and that in the interval, I shall do my utmost that whoever is to hold the helm for the next voyage shall start with the best possible chance to save the ship. This is due to the people, both on principle and under the Constitution. Their will, constitutionally expressed, is the ultimate law for all. If they should deliberately resolve to have immediate peace, even at the loss of their country and their liberties, I know not the power or the right to resist them. It is their own business, and they must do as they please with their own. I believe, however, they are all resolved to preserve their country and their liberty; and in this, in office or out of it, I am resolved to stand by them. I may add, that in this purpose—to save the country and its liberties—no class of people seem so nearly unanimous as the soldiers in the field and the seamen afloat. Do they not have the hardest of it? Who should quail when they do not? God bless the soldiers and seamen, and all their brave commanders."

THE FREED PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

PENNSYLVANIA FREEDMEN'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
424 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Oct. 25th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR: I send you herewith a copy of a circular letter just received from our Superintendent in the South-west, Wm. F. Mitchell, which I trust you will find room for in this week's paper. I am sure it will interest your readers.

Mr. Mitchell is a solid, sensible man, who, though ardently devoted to his work and of tender sensibilities, is discriminating in his observations, and careful in his statements of fact. Those who know him, know that from fear of exceeding the truth, he prefers sometimes to understate his facts. I trust that what he says will receive the heed it deserves.

I perceive that you continue our advertisement for teachers. Hereafter you may leave it out; our complement is made out. Our educational appliances are now pretty fairly organized, and in quite successful operation. We occupy a tri-fold field, viz.: the Sea Islands in the South-east; Middle Tennessee and Alabama in the South-west, and the District of Columbia in the centre.

In each of these departments—so to speak—we have schools well filled with pupils, and well supplied with able and devoted teachers—that is, they will be well supplied when the six whom we are this week sending shall have reached their destination. These six are now on their way to Nashville, the centre of our South-west operations—whence they will be distributed to such other points in Tennessee and Alabama, as in the judgment of Mr. Mitchell, the Superintendent, may be expedient.

What these teachers are accomplishing may be judged from a single fact. In a recent letter our Superintendent stated: "In Miss Randall's school at this place (Stevenson, Alabama), 100 of the pupils have learned to read in ten (10) weeks."

What the spirit and character of the teachers are may be inferred from the following extract. It is taken from a letter received last week from Miss Elizabeth Bradshaw (of Bucks County, in this State), a teacher at Murfreesboro, Tennessee:

"Help has at last reached me in the person of ——. He has been with us nearly a week. The idea of having assistance is fully appreciated by me, as I was working beyond my strength; and had not my work afforded me infinite pleasure, I should have despaired long ago. With my average of 170 pupils per day, I have a night-school at our 'lodge' consisting of nine men and three women, who are engaged during the day at some work for their support—which needs must be. The pleasure it gives me to teach these elderly men far surpasses that of anything I yet have undertaken. It is not simply the seven hours a day that we call our work; for there is something for us to do at all times, whether it be on the street or in the humble log-cabin.

"The novelty of coming here to me has not vanished; but rather each day is like the page of some interesting book, which unfolds to us new charms. I am fascinated with my school and it is doing well. I had an Exhibition yesterday, and it was a complete success. About ninety spoke, and did well. It was their first attempt.

"I read to my Sunday school the address of Gen. O. M. Mitchell which he delivered at Hilton Head. It made a good impression, and now they are crowding the church to hear me read and talk.

"I could say much more but I find it impossible to convey to you on paper a correct idea of my pleasure in teaching these down-trodden people."

From one learn all. Such is the spirit of all our teachers. They are devoted to their work, pleased with its toils, cheerful under its privations, intent only on accomplishing that whereunto they have been sent.

These Freedmen's Associations are accomplishing a great work; and ours of Philadelphia, I trust, is doing its part. We are greatly encouraged. The transforming and elevating influence of our schools is truly wonderful. We shall make such demonstrations this winter of the capabilities and susceptibilities of the freed people as will astonish even their enemies.

But I regret to say our funds are running low. We have been so intent all Summer on duties requiring the expenditure of money, that we have actually had no time to increase our pecuniary resources. Hitherto, friends have helped us on a mere hint, as it were, of our necessities. I trust it will be the same way in the future.

And this reminds me to acknowledge—and I take this method of doing it—the receipt of $50 from William Lloyd Garrison, being "part of a small sum sent to him to be used at his discretion for the benefit of the Freedmen;" also of £20 from Miss Eliza Wigham, of Edinburgh, Scotland; money confided to her for the same purpose. Miss Wigham is so well known to the readers of the STANDARD, and so highly esteemed by them, that I am sure they will thank me for the following portion of her letter which I take the liberty of sending you:

"5 Gray st., Edinburgh, 10 mo. 7th, 1864.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: It is a long time since letters passed between us, but notwithstanding the silence, we are not without much interest in thee and thy doings as well as in all our anti-slavery friends. We hope you will all hold on in vigilance, for you are still needed to watch the various movements that affect your clients. The old national tendency to enslave and oppress the colored people is still to be found North as well as South, and you have to watch it. Your Philadelphia cars—some of the colonization edicts on the plantations of the South which have come under Northern care—the treatment of colored soldiers, all these matters you have to watch—and then there is the interesting duty to which thou has devoted thyself, of caring for the Freed men and women. This itself is a great and important work, and it is this which is the cause of my present writing. I enclose a bill on London for £20 from our society, for the colored refugees—to be expended judiciously under thy care.

"We have sent several contributions for the refugees in various directions—through the Friends' Committee and the National society in New York, of which I believe that at Philadelphia is a branch; yet even if thou art in association with them it is pleasnt to hold *direct* communication with thee, our old faithful ally in the good anti-slavery work.

"We watch anxiously the state of matters with you in all their ramifications; the war, the election, etc., etc. It *seems* to us matter of regret that —— —— should have parted from his old friends in the present crisis. No doubt Lincoln has had faults of omission and commission, but then he has been the instrument of wonderful gain to the cause, and has gone far ahead of his constituency—just as far as he could without snapping the connection.

"It is quite vexatious to us to have such a pro-slavery tone, *or pro-southern*, which is the same thing, pervading our newspapers and consequently the public mind. It proceeds partly from a repugnance to the North, and partly from gross ignorance of the real cause of difference. But the more decidedly the North becomes anti-slavery, the more likely will she be to be successful in dispelling those hostile feelings.

"What a joyful thing it would be to hear that war and slavery were over in America, and that you were once more a united and free people."

Miss Wigham has fallen into a mistake, into which others have been betrayed, in regard to our relations to the New York association. The Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief is no more a branch of the New York "National Freedmen's Relief," than that association is a branch of the Pennsylvania; or that either is a branch of the Washington "National Freedmen's Relief." The truth is, the Boston "Educational Commission," the New York "National Freedmen's Relief," and the Philadelphia "Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief," are, and have been since their formation nearly 3 years ago, equal and independent organizations, each laboring in its own way by material benefactions and educational facilities, to promote the moral and physical welfare of the people in whom they are interested.

In the last year other associations have been formed, particularly in the West, all of which are now laboring with commendable zeal in the great work to be accomplished. There are two in Cincinnati, one in Cleveland, one in Chicago, one in Detroit, one in St. Louis, and two besides our own—both Friends' associations—in this city.

These bodies all act independently, though, so far as I know, in entire harmony with each other. I commend them all to the good will and hearty confidence of your readers; and yet, I am free to say that, in catholicity of spirit, in earnestness of devotion, or in practical acquaintance with the work to be performed, none of them is more worthy of support than that which bears the name of "Pennsylvania," the letter-writing duties of which devolve upon

Yours, most truly, J. M. MCKIM.

CIRCULAR.

SOUTH WEST STATION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA FREEDMEN'S RELIEF, NASHVILLE, Tenn.,
10th Month 10th, 1864.

The condition of the Freed people in this department, and especially in and about Nashville, is such as to cause us great anxiety. Their numbers are increasing rapidly; for we are in the direct rear of Gen. Sherman's advancing army. Since the late raid, hundreds have flocked to Nashville. Their cabins dot the hillsides and cluster in the valleys. To their credit be it said, they have shown a commendable spirit in endeavoring, from scanty material, to erect separate habitations and make for themselves homes. These homes, however, are miserable things, and the coming winter will surely entail upon their inmates great suffering. They will not starve, for a just government will not permit this; and without doubt the commandant of this post will do all that lies in his power to mitigate their hardships; but the exposure to which they must be subjected in their forlorn shanties, is such as to cause us, who are laboring among them, the most earnest solicitude in their behalf. At this very moment hundreds of them are destitute of needful clothing. Only yesterday I was assured that of those who had lately arrived, some were literally naked. It is our place to meet this condition of things; but our supplies are exhausted; with the exception of a few blankets and shirts we have absolutely nothing.

Every building near us swarms with these people; the barns and stables are full of women and children. It is heart-touching to see the spectacle they exhibit. They gather about our door in the early morning,—the toil-worn mother and bare-footed child with its single garment asking for help. "Master, please a pair of shoes, and some clothes," salutes our ears continually. And yet it is early in the season. The mornings and nights, however, have the chill of winter. What will be the condition of these people when the new year opens? Our hearts sicken at the prospect. From points further South, comes the same cry of distress. At Tunnel Hill, the rebel Gen. Forrest, on his late raid, burned one hundred and twenty of the dwellings of the colored people. They were allowed to remove their effects, but it is reported that these were burned by *citizens* afterwards. These poor people were self-supporting. The crop of cotton raised by them will bring at least sixty thousand dollars. They have been purchasers, not beggars. But to-day, the lieutenant who has charge, applied to us for immediate help. "Were our cotton picked," said he, "we should not ask alms; but whole families among us have lost their all."

The captain commanding the contraband camp at Clarksville, reports the arrival there, lately, of numbers of children whose parents have been driven from their homes.

It is said that the case of these Freedmen is one of such magnitude as to call for the interposition of the Government. This is true; and it is a satisfaction to know that the Government is not indifferent on the subject. The military and civil authorities, receiving instructions from Washington, afford us much aid; but until the rebellion shall be crushed we cannot count on their assuming the entire responsibilities of this matter. For a while yet the people must volunteer to do the work. Happily they are nothing loth. All they want is information as to what is to be done. To aid in giving this information is the object of this circular.

The pressing need here at present is clothing for women and children. The Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association, which is now maintaining a corps of teachers in this State and Alabama, has sent out thousands of dollars worth of new made clothing for the destitute of this region; but this has all been distributed. More is coming from the same source. Other Associations have been equally liberal; but still there is a great lack. *Additional supplies are needed at once.*

This Station, the Headquarters, so to speak, of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief for this Department, is situated in the centre of the lately arrived colored people of this city. A band of teachers are laboring among them day and night to promote their moral and physical welfare. We are on the spot and know their wants. We have every facility for receiving, storing, and distributing goods sent out for their benefit. Our fellow-teachers at Murfreesboro', Stevenson, Huntsville, and other points, will gladly cooperate with us. All we want is the material to dispense. Warm clothing for women and children, including especially shoes, is what is most needed; but nothing will come amiss. Piece goods can be made up here, many of the colored women being good sempstresses. The lady teachers of our Association intend, as soon as material shall arrive, to organize a sewing school, for the purpose of making up clothing for the children. As the navigation of the Cumberland has just been opened, now is the time to send.

At the instance of my associates, and on behalf of these suffering people, I issue this appeal. It will be sent to those who know either me or my coadjutors

Miscellaneous Department.

THE GIANT.

BY JOHN A. DORGAN

The giant grisly and gaunt and grim
Took toll of land and life and limb,
Of life and death, of joy and pain;
Nothing went free through his domain.

Was it the magic ring he wore,
Or that enchanted scythe he bore?
But unto few it 'twas given to gaze
Upon his many-wrinkled face.

Up and down and to and fro
Through his wide empire did he go,
Like lightning through the startled air,
Seemed here and there and everywhere.

And sooth to say, with unheard spells,
He wrought such sleights and miracles,
That sun and star might question not
The fateful purpose of his thought.

Even as he willed they rose and shone,
Or set, or perished; he alone
Ruled the swift seasons, and the seas
Bade ebb and flow in storm or peace.

A restless spirit, stern and strong,
And silent ever; seeming wrong
He did; and all men hated him,
That giant grisly and gaunt and grim.

They heaped his name with every curse;
They swore his rule grew daily worse;
All their ills they laid on him,
That tyrant grisly and gaunt and grim.

Better their poets knew; with awe
Of seeming discord the perfect law
They understood, and patiently
Heard the imperfect harmony.

Better and braver the world they found;
Truer the men and women around;
This they uttered in words sublime
To that dread giant whom men call Time—

"Not Death but Change dost thou ordain,
Unreal pleasure and seeming pain;
Better the light than the frosty dark;
Life soars upward as doth the spark.

"Time they call thee; but wiser, we
Bow before thee, Eternity!"
So, as they uttered his real name,
The giant smiled and gave them Fame.

—*Commonwealth.*

THE IMPEDIMENTS TO THE CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA.

[The following is the concluding portion of the paper read by Dr. Livingstone before the British Association at Bath, on the 19th of September:]

"The slave trade is the gigantic evil which meets us at every step in that country. We cannot move through any part without meeting captured men and women bound, and sometimes gagged; so no good can be done if this crying evil is not grappled with. The good bishop had some 200 people entirely at his disposal, and would soon have presented to the country an example of a free community, supported by its own industry, where fair dealing could be met, which would undoubtedly have exerted immense influence, for wherever the English name is known it is associated with freedom and fair play. Some seem to take a pleasure in running down their fellow-countrymen; but the longer I live I like them the better. They carry with them some sense of law and justice, and a spirit of kindliness, and were I in a difficulty I should prefer going to an Englishman in preference to any other for aid; and as for Englishwomen, they do undoubtedly make the best wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters in the world. It is this conviction that makes me, in my desire to see slavery abolished and human happiness promoted, ardently wish to have some of our countrymen transplanted to a region where they would both give and receive benefit, where every decent Christian Englishman, whether Churchman or Dissenter, learned or unlearned, liberal or bigoted, would actually become a blessing by introducing a better system than that which has prevailed for ages. We conducted Bishop Mackenzie and party up to the highlands, and after spending three or four days with them, returned, and never had any more connection with the conduct of that mission. We carried a boat past Murchison's Cataracts. By these the river descended at five different leaps of great beauty, 1,200 feet in a distance of about forty miles. Above that we had sixty miles of fine, deep river, flowing placidly on to Lake N'yassa. As we sailed into this fine, fresh-water lake we were naturally anxious to know its depth—10, 12, 20, 30 fathoms—then no bottom with all our line, and John Neil, our sailor, at last pronounced it fit for the "Great Eastern" to sail in. We touched the bottom in a bay with a line of 100 fathoms, and a mile out could find no bottom at 116 fathoms. It contains plenty of fish, and great numbers of natives daily engage in catching them with nets, hooks, spears, torches, and poison. The water remains about 70 deg., and the crocodiles, having plenty of fish to eat, rarely attack men. It is from twenty to fifty or sixty miles broad, and we saw at least 224 miles of its length. As seen from the lake it seems surrounded by mountains, and from these furious storms come suddenly down and raise high seas which are dangerous for a boat; but the native canoes are formed so as to go easily along the surf. The apparent mountains on the west were ascended last year, and found to be only the edges of a great plateau 3,000 feet above the sea. This is cool, well watered, and well peopled with Manganja and Marani, some of whom possess cattle; and I have no doubt but that the first hardship over, and properly housed and fed, Europeans would enjoy life and comfort. This part of Africa has exactly the same form as Western India at Bombay, only this is a little higher and cooler. Well, having now a fair way into the highlands, by means of the Zambesi and the Shire, and a navigable course of river and lake of 400 miles, across which nearly all the slaves of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, as well as some for Cuba, went, and nearly all the inhabitants of this densly populated country actually knowing how to cultivate cotton, it seemed likely that their strong propensity to trade might be easily turned to the advantage of of our own country as well as theirs. And here I beg to remark that on my first journey, my attention not having then been turned to the subject, I noticed only a few cases of its cultivation, but in this I saw much more than I had previously any idea of. The native cotton is short in the staple, strong, much like wool in the hand, and as good as Upland American; a second has been introduced, as is seen in the name, being foreign cotton; and a third variety of very superior quality, very long in the fibre, though usually believed to belong to South America, was found right in the middle of the continent—in the country of the Makololo. A tree of it was eight inches in diameter, or like an ordinary apple-tree. And all these required planting not oftener than once in three years. There is no danger of frost, either, to injure the crops. No sooner, however, had we begun our labors among the Manganja, than the African Portuguese, by supplying the Ajana with arms and ammunition, to be paid for in slaves, produced the utmost confusion. Village after village was attacked and burned, for the Manganja, armed only with bows and arrows, could not stand before fire-arms. The bowman's way of fighting is to lie in ambush, and shoot at his enemy unawares, while those with guns, making a great noise, cause the bowmen to run away, and the women and children become captives. This process of slave-hunting went on for some months, and then a panic seized the Manganja nation. All fled down to the river, only anxious to get that between them and their enemies; but they had left all their food behind them, and starvation of thousands ensued. The Shire Valley, where thousands lived at our first visit, was converted into literally a valley of dry bones. One cannot now walk a mile without seeing a human skeleton. Open a hut in the now deserted village, and here lies the unburied skeleton. In some I opened there were two skeletons, and a little one rolled up in a mat lying between them. I have always hated putting the blame of my failure upon anyone else, from a conviction that a man ought to succeed in all feasible projects in spite of everybody, and now I am not to be understood as casting a slur upon the Portuguese in Europe. The Viscount Lavradio, the Viscount de Sa' da Bandeira, and others are as anxious to see the abolition of the slave trade as could be desired. But the evil is done by the assertion in Europe of dominion in Africa when it is quite well known that they have only a few half-castes, the children of convicts by black women, who have actually to pay tribute to the pure natives. Were they of the smallest benefit to Portugal; if anyone ever made a fortune and went home to spend it in Lisbon; or if any pleasure whatever could be derived by the Portuguese government from spending £5,000 annually on needy governors who all connive at the slave trade, the thing could be understood. But Portugal gains nothing but a shocking bad name as the first that began the slave trade and the last to end it. To us it is a serious matter to see Lord Palmerston's policy, which has been so eminently successful on the west so largely neutralized on the east coast. A great nation like ours cannot get rid of its obligations to other members of the great community of nations. The police of the sea must be maintained, and should we send no more cruisers to suppress the slave trade we would soon be obliged to send them to suppress piracy, for no traffic engenders lawlessness as does this odious trade. The plan I proposed required a steamer on Lake N'yassa to take up the ivory trade, as it is by the aid of that trade that the traffic in slaves is carried on. The government sent out a steamer, which, though an excellent one, was too deep for the Shire. Another steamer was then built at my own expense. This was all that could be desired—made to unscrew in twenty-four pieces—and the "Lady of N'yassa," or "Lady of the Lake," was actually unscrewed and ready for conveyance at the foot of Murchison's Cataracts when, the people being swept away in the manner I have mentioned, a work was hindered which I confidently believe would have entirely changed the state of the country. It was this steamer "Lady of N'yassa" that took me across the Indian Ocean, and in it I purpose to try again. Were I young again I would gladly devote my time to the missionary work, but that must be done by younger men, specially educated for it—men willing to rough it, and yet hold quietly and patiently on. If being baffled had ever made me lose heart, I should never have been here in the position which by your kindness I now occupy. I intend to make another attempt, but this time to the north of the Portuguese; and I feel greatly encouraged by the interest you show, as it cannot be for the person, but your sympathy is given to the cause of human liberty throughout the world. It startles us to see a great nation of our own blood despising the African's claim to humanity, and drifting helplessly into a war about him; then drifting quite as helplessly into abolition of slavery principles; then leading the Africans to fight. No mighty event like this terrible war ever took place without teaching terrible lessons. One of these may be that, though 'on the side of the oppressors there is power, there be higher than they.' With respect to the African, neither drink, nor disease, nor slavery can root him out of the world. I never had any idea of the prodigious destruction of human life that has taken place subsequently to the slave-hunting war till I saw it, and as this has gone on for centuries, it gives a wonderful idea of the vitality of the nation."

AN EVENING WITH WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[A correspondent of the Providence *Journal* writes from New York to that paper as follows:]

The announcement of the death of Mr. Landor in Tuesday's *Journal*, and the allusion made in it to some of his marked peculiarities of character, have revived my remembrance of an interview with him in the Summer of 1857, at his English residence in Bath. Some passages of the interview were afterwards given in a letter to the Providence *Journal*. Other impressions and incidents of the hour, some of which were noted down at the time, now recur to my memory, and may serve to illustrate the characteristic traits of his manner and conversation.

An American gentleman of our party having incidentally made the acquaintance of Mr. Landor, we were pleasantly surprised by an invitation to take tea with him at his house on River street. It was a narrow-fronted, tall house, of grey stone, built in the style common to all the terraced streets of that "stately, sleepy, old city." From the basement we passed to an upper floor, over a stair-case lined with paintings, black and costly with age, into parlors pannelled from floor to ceiling with the masterpieces of Italian art. We found Mr. Landor in England, as Emerson found him in Italy, "living among a cloud of pictures." As we recall him now, passing from room to room, pointing out their beauties and discussing their merits, he seems to us, with his tall figure, his pale, bloodless face and cold blue eye, like one of the ghostly interlocutors of his own "Imaginary Conversations."

Mr. Emerson, in his "English Traits," speaks of him as one of three or four persons whom he wished to see in visiting Europe. Certainly no impression of power and individuality received from his writings had prepared me for the freshness, novelty and intellectual *verve* of his conversation. His manner was full of surprises; sometimes impressing you with its almost womanly grace, tenderness and refinement; and sometimes repelling you by its Saxon harshness and dogmatism. We spoke of Turner. Mr. Landor asked me if I had seen any of his pictures. At that time I had seen only the engravings from his "Rivers of France." He expressed an absolute indifference to all engravings. No skillful composition of light and shade, he said, could compensate for the absence of color. This supreme love for color may account for his estimate of Keats as the preëminent genius of modern English poetry. He showed us a portrait of a favorite dog which D'Orsay had painted for him, and told us many anecdotes of D'Orsay's relations with Louis Napoleon of the Prince's hospitable reception and domestication at the Gore House during the days of his exile, and of the very contemptible opinion of his intellectual calibre at that time held by his English associates. Mr. Landor said that he had himself always recognized in him great latent power and an inert energy of will rarely equalled. He characterized him as "the greatest sovereign and the most unqualified knave that ever sat on a throne." Of Lady Blessington he spoke with a genuine enthusiasm of admiration, and with a depth of tender sadness in his voice, which contrasted strangely with the tone of levity and satire in which he alluded to many of his English cotemporaries. He said the charm of her presence was altogether unrivalled and indescribable; something quite apart from any mental or social quality to be observed in her. He showed us a picture of Christ as "the man of sorrows," by Annibal Caracci, which he said was so pathetically mournful that he could not bear to look upon it. I suggested that the sorrow was too profoundly desolate, and wanted some permeating gleam of faith to give it a majestic and divine import. He said no sorrow could be majestic. I quoted from Wordsworth's "Lsodamia,"

"Diviner sorrows, more majestic pains."

He persisted that the line was an unmeaning one. I urged Tennyson's "Divine despair," and he half yielded, admitting that Tennyson's phrase was a "genuine word." He approved the "Lsodamia" as Wordsworth's finest poem, but said it was, like all Wordsworth's poems, feebly ended. Wordsworth, he said, never ended a poem effectively. As he warmed in conversation, he grew unreservedly cordial and responsive. His dogmatism was laid aside, and he began to talk gravely and earnestly of his own studious avoidance of general society, and to discuss what D'Israeli calls the world's "unsocial compacts," the shallow codes, modes and customs of its conventional intercourse, its *pseudo* religion, which turns the key of the pew-door on all interlopers, its privileged piety, which hopes to witness comfortably, from its own private boxes in paradise, the spectacle of the general conflagration at the last day.

He spoke eloquently of American genius, and praised some of our writers with a subtlety of intellectual discrimination hardly to have been looked for from the "Nestor of English Literature."

Mr. Landor's parlors were scantily furnished; there were only the rich Persian carpets, the pictures, the flowers, a table, and two or three chairs. The painting which in all his collection pleased me best was an exquisite cabinet picture of Europa, by Correggio. I cannot doubt that a delicious verse in Tennyson's "Palace of Art" was suggested by it:

"There sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd
From off her shoulder backward borne,
From one hand droop'd a crocus; one hand grasp'd
The mild bull's golden horn."

The painting was wonderful in its ærial grace and tenderness. As I lingered before it, Mr. Landor said, "I see you like that picture; it is one of my especial favorites." The following Summer, being about to dispose of his collection, and remembering my admiration of the Europa, Mr. Landor wrote to a gentleman of this city offering it to me at a third of its appraised value. But I was constrained to content myself with the beautiful Correggio as it lives in Tennyson's "Palace of Art," and glows in the unfading picture-galleries of memory.

The Good Time Coming.—I am firm in the faith that God means better things for us than that we should be swallowed up in the whale's belly for three or four days. I believe that God means for us in these threatning auspices only that trial of our faith which shall vindicate it, and bring us out more victorious than ever yet we have been in all this struggle. And then again shall be seen that which took place on the formation of the present government. For I read that, when Boston was beleaguered, when her ports were shut, and when the armies were gathering in New England, from that very ground where the battle now rages, convoys of provisions were sent. Virginia, to feed the mouths of patriotic citizens, from beyond the Blue Ridge, and from the Shenandoah Valley, poured forth corn and meat. It went to Fredericksburg, and thence it was conveyed to Boston, to supply the wants of the struggling people there. Virginia, when the National government was being founded, stood by its defenders in their trial. From that region that is now laid waste, and over which the storm of war rages with its greatest fury, the patriots of the East derived needed sustenance. And the time will come when we shall send back corn for their mouths, and oil and wine for their wounds; and the voice of Liberty shall be heard in all that State of noble ancestry. And when the cannon has done its roar, and there is no more rattling of musketry, and the old torn flag shall be rolled up and laid away as a memorial of honor, and the new flag shall once more float over Richmond, and Charleston, and Savannah, and Mobile, and in every degenerate State, and slavery shall be destroyed, and every cause of oppression shall be removed, and every cause of homogenity shall be established, then we will enjoy a tranquillity such as has never been experienced in this land.

I shall speak on the Blue Ridge yet, and in Alabama, and in Georgia, as never could I with safety for my life. Slavery, that great red dragon, stood and said, "You shall not open your mouth here." But slavery shall die, and free men shall speak in the South, and I mean to be one of them. And you and I will yet see this Nation disenthralled and lifted into a grandeur that will put to shame our enemies and haters, and will rejoice those that love liberty, and human rights, and the cause of God.

And when that day shall come, do not hang your head, and say, "I was cajoled to vote the wrong way." When that day shall come, let it be yours to gather your children about you and say, "God gave me the privilege of voting for this consummation." If you go on the platform that looks toward the reëstablishment of our institutions, and the maintenance of the Union in all its integrity, you will be proud of it, and your children will be proud of it; but if you go on the other platform, let me tell you, you will be so ashamed of it—if you are capable of shame—that you will not dare to look your fellow-citizens in the face, and your children will be so ashamed of it that they will lie to conceal it. Be wise in time. Foresee which way right is going; foresee which way government is going; foresee which way justice and liberty and safety are going; and go that way, and God will go with you, and shield you, and honor you, and at last take you where the films shall be wiped away from your eyes, where mistakes shall be no more possible, and where all the good of both sides shall be gathered, while the wicked are cast off and destroyed.—*H. W. Beecher. Sermon, Oct.* 9.

LITTLE PEGGY.

In a blind little alley, deep sunk in Saint Giles,
Little Peggy's blind father lights up with the smiles
Of Peggy, who, now that there's tidings of Spring,
With her warblings makes the whole alley to ring.

She answers the black-bird, the eating-house bird,
Who loves her, and echoes her every word.
She binds up her violets, purple and sweet,
And sallies out singing to Threadneedle street.

Her basket is full of the fresh country flowers—
Those dear little tremblers that rise from March showers.
It is not the rich that alone love the Spring;
Its joy and its hope make the beggar-girl sing.

O dear little Peggy, they're longing for thee
In the second-floor back at that dim Number Three.
Then proffer your violets purple and sweet,
To yon banker, the Cræsus of Threadneedle street.

He is childless, and buys for the sake of your smile,
So innocent, loving, and free from all guile;
He flings down a shilling, and passes away:
O Heaven is smiling on Peggy to-day!

The omnibus rolls, and the cabs rattle on,
They may roll, they may rattle, but Peggy is gone,
To bear back her spoil to that lane in Saint Giles,
Her eyes full of hope, her face beaming with smiles.

How she blesses the Spring, and the sunshine, and flowers,
That rise when March comes with its wind and its showers;
The violets she'll kiss—oh, they're purple and sweet—
When she, singing, trips back to old Threadneedle street.

The rich people talk of the Spring, for it brings
The flowers for their ball-rooms, the wild bird that sings;
But the Spring little Peggy regards with such glee,
Is the Spring that brings daddy his baccy and tea.

WOMEN AND TOBACCO.

To the Editor of the Springfield Republican:

In your columns, not long since, I saw a selected paragraph, to the effect that tobacco could not be as hurtful as some suppose, because it is now chiefly used by the masculines, while the health report is in their favor, the feminine department of society, who do not use the weed to any great extent at present, exhibiting the largest mortality or greatest aggregate of disease, debility and death. When that statement was published I saw that certain natures would be apt to make an unwholesome use of its estimates and allusions, and my apprehensions are fully verified, for I have personally heard not only smokers, etc., but others, mouthing the false logic of that article, and telling about facts and statistics as asserting the innocuousness of tobacco.

Now it is well enough to look such facts and statistics in the face, especially as they tell quite a different story from that which is so thoughtlessly attached to them. Did the originator of that statement—or have the readers of it—taken into account the effect which smokers or chewers have upon the tenderer natures around them, the wife, the sister, the daughter? There is something in narcotics, as in other poisons, which will apparently suspend decay, or produce the appearance of health or comfort, when it is at the same time clogging and rotting the system. Thus, one accustomed to the use of arsenic in small doses, will show a ruddy, fleshy appearance for a season, but, when the arsenic is taken away, or loses its effect, he sinks instantly into rottenness and death, indicating how complete has long been the real prostration of the vital system.

Just so with tobacco and other articles. A man may think that he will stop the decay of his teeth, for instance, by chewing the weed. Let him cease after using it a season, and the teeth, which might have been saved by legitimate methods, run quickly to decay, and the whole system has scarcely more energy than a galvanized corpse. In like manner I have seen the liquor consumer, tottling around, and boasting of the good effect of his excellent combinations on his health, when the noxious odors from his system, and his trembling, paralytic step, told of a constitution already corrupted to its core. Just here, then, occurs the question: How much good comes from the close proximity of these stenchy, gentlemen smokers, etc., to the gentler sex, in those closer relations which are peculiar to the two classes? Any one who takes into account the nicer sympathetic sensitiveness of the female, knows that the effete effusion flowing from persons of such habits, must injure her. I have known a woman who became, over and over again, stupified and sick from the effect of the tobacco and liquor her husband had taken. And yet some women talk of loving the smell of tobacco-smoke, not knowing that the effect of it from a pipe, a cigar, a husband, lover, or brother, is peculiarly pregnant of fatality to her through the absorbent quality of her more sympathetic temperament. I am well informed as to a young girl, who already at only sixteen, boasts of her love of liquor, etc.; goes on roistering excursions with noisy youngsters, drinks and smokes at the bar, enters the room where half a dozen "fellows" are abed, with whom she shakes hands as they rise up to greet her. I have it also concerning a prominent New England clergyman, who is a great smoker, but has a wife to whom such habits are an absolute nuisance; and not only does he keep her surrounded by the offensive and pernicious malaria of his habits and person, but he must even plant a tobacco seed in the centre of her choice garden plants, and bring her into ridicule as a raiser of the weed she despises. Are such things an index to the wholesomeness of tobacco, or aught else kindred, for either man or "woman?" Ought not the attention of society to be directed to the specific, prostrating and death-dealing effect of all immoralities upon the specially sympathetic temperament, whether in the male or female? I for one, through my understanding of the moral law, expect that women will show variously the evil consequences of the injurious habits which multitudes seem determined to propagate to the utmost, and will do her full share toward delivering the world from the evil. D. J. Mandell.

Athol Depot, Mass.

Chicago and Baltimore.—If we ask, in the first place, What is the Chicago platform? I can tell you in one word what it is. It is expressed in the single sentence, *We are out, and we are determined to be in.* There is not a principle in it deeper than that—not one. Not one word is there in it against rebellion; not one hearty word against secession; not one earnest word against National dismemberment; not one word against slavery, the sovereign cause and source of all our woes. For all that it says, you would never know that there was a doctrine of human rights; or that that doctrine was in peril. If I had entered the councils where Wickliffe, and Bramlett, and Wood, and Vallandigham, and Long, and Seymour conferred, and were manufacturing the platform on which they were to place their candidate, and had said to them, "Gentlemen, let me propose to you some principles that shall shape your conduct; you are bound to be guided by the original principles of human rights, which were the foundation of our government, and to act in harmony with the philanthropic and progressive tendencies of the age, of God's providence, of the law of Christ, and of the Golden rule," do you believe these saints would have consented to be governed by these principles? (Laughter.) What must be the fact, when you involuntarily laugh at the very question? Or, if I had gone into the street where the crowd were cheering the most infamous sentiments of disunion, treason, and Northern revolution against the government, and said to them, "Gentlemen, you must determine your political action, and lay the platform of your party upon the old principles of the natural rights of men, the right of liberty and the pursuit of happiness, you must conform it to Christian ethics," do you not believe that they would have cried out like their progenitors of old, "Away with him! away with him!"

On the other hand, can any one doubt, if he turns to the platform that was laid down at Baltimore, that it was the real and legitimate successor of the old Declaration of Independence, of the old colonial doctrines of the men that fashioned our institutions, and that were our political and patriotic fathers, as well as our fathers by blood?

Take those two platforms, and read them. Look at the base negations of the one, and the absolute, perpendicular, bright, shining statements of the other. See how the one lifts itself up so high that the very light of God's sun shines in glory on its head, declaring men's rights, emancipation, government, nationality, and the maintenance of war till law shall be established; while the other sneaks out of every such declaration, and only declares against the government, against the army, and against everything but a treacherous peace. The one is in sympathy with all that is patriotic in the North; the other is in sympathy with all that is rebellious in the South. The one is so glorious that to sit on it and obey the dictates of manhood is to be enthroned higher than any king on earth; the other is so low that to sit on that dooms a man to be claimed by all Southern villains, and the devil that inspired every one of them.—*H. W. Beecher. Sermon, Oct.* 9.

THE TORIES OF 1776 AND THE COPPERHEADS OF 1861.

Mr. Lorenzo Sabine has just published a work entitled "The Loyalists of the American Revolution"; a fitter title would have been "The Tories of the Revolution." The preliminary historical essay is full of facts which afford striking historic parallels to some of the circumstances of the present time. The *Christian Register* says:

"It teaches that not a single wrong exists now but existed then to a greater extent. Do men now plot in secret against the government? Thirty thousand loyalists, according to the lowest computation, then took up arms against the government; and South Carolina forced Gov. Lincoln to surrender her capital to the enemy in 1780.

"Are there men now to be found who sell to the enemies of their country? Washington, while his army was in rags and starving at Valley Forge, writes to Col. Stewart, 'I am amazed at the report you make of the quantity of provisions that goes daily into Philadelphia (then occupied by the British army) from the County of Bucks.'"

Do officers, through personal jealousies or a desire to shirk, now throw up their commissions? John Adams, in 1777, writes:

"I am worried to death with the wrangles between military officers, high and low. They quarrel like cats and dogs. They worry one another like mastiffs, scrambling for rank and pay like apes after nuts."

Are surgeons now dismissed for incompetency or speculation? "Many of the surgeons," says Washington, "are very great rascals, countenancing the men to sham complaints to exempt them from duty, and often receiving bribes to certify indispositions, with a view to procure discharges or furloughs." They also draw "medicines and stores in the most profuse and extravagant manner for private purposes."

Have we "bounty jumpers"? So had our fathers. Men enlisted only to get their thousand dollars, and then desert. A thousand men after they had voluntarily enlisted, perjured themselves, in order to escape the service. Many deserters reënlisted under new recruiting officers. It was no uncommon thing for them to desert by the twenty and thirty at a time.

Have we now shoddy contractors who fatten on fraud, and demagogues who foment strife? Read Washington's picture of his time: "I should in one word say that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance, seem to have laid fast hold of most; that speculation, peculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches, seem to have got the better of every order of men, and that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day."

There is, in fact, no possible discouragement now encountered by American patriots, but existed in a greater degree during the Revolution, and yet our fathers triumphed over all of them.

We do not press this subject on our readers to excuse any rascality or treason, but to show that our fathers had to deal with the same difficulties which confront us.

And we would warn those men who now plot against the government, that their names, in company with their companions of the Revolution, will go down to posterity covered with infamy.

We hope those who are inclined to exaggerate the present evils by false contrasts with the past, will read the closing chapter of Mr. Sabine's Historical Essay, for to use his own language, it may "do something to correct the exaggerated and gloomy views which are often taken of the degenerate spirit of the present times, founded on erroneous, because on a partial, estimate of the virtues of a by-gone age."

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

[At the dinner of the great Agricultural Show at Springfield, Mass., Professor Agassiz drew a parallel between European and American institutions, as follows:]

I did not come to this country as an emigrant seeking for a better home. I am a son of the old Republic of Switzerland (applause), which has maintained its independence among monarchial countries surrounding it for five hundred and fifty years. I did not come as a political refugee seeking for a freer home and for protection against tyranny. I came here as a curious traveller, desirous of becoming acquainted with the natural productions, features, aspect and geological condition of the continent which is becoming so important a part of the civilized world, and here I am, an American citizen (applause).

Now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to tell you why I am an American citizen having such antecedents. I am in the habit of looking into the condition of things and of analyzing the facts which I witness, and I asked myself one day what was the difference between American and European civilization, and after careful and conscientious and sometimes rather trying survey of the case, I came to this conclusion, that the characteristic feature of European society was that there the institutions were all calculated to crush down every effort which might interfere with the privileges of the few, while here everything was organized to foster the advancement of every one (applause).

The American institutions are such that they will allow every man to become a man who possesses the elements of true manhood (applause), and upon that result of my consideration I said to myself, having children, here should be my home and their home (renewed applause). I could not but enjoy those privileges of the boundless resources of the country which established its social organization upon such principles.

Gentlemen, Europeans have not always looked upon America with that kind of impartiality with which I think I have looked upon it, and yet there was a time when a more kindly feeling prevailed among Europeans toward America than now. There is one man whose name is familiar and pleasant to hear to Americans—I mean De Tocqueville. There is no one who has represented American institutions perhaps in a better light than he. He is considered the exponent in Europe of American institutions and American social conditions, and yet what is it that he says as the summary of his observations? That America was the paradise of mediocrity, and that is the verdict of the man who is considered as having taken the fairest and most candid view of the American condition. What does that mean? It means in the first place, that any one has a fair chance, and, I believe, that if he had gone a little deeper in his analysis of these institutions, instead of coming to this conclusion he would have found what is my conviction—that upon the social organization of America there is the possibility of raising a superstructure of genius and of art and of improvement in every direction commensurate to the broadness of its basis (applause).

I see only one danger, which, as it is my way to say what is apparent to my heart, permit me to say. What is the danger I see? It is that certain institutions, of which there can only be few, are likely to be too much multiplied, and that the possibility of rising to the highest eminence will be retarded by it. When you see the results of efforts here, what are they? How many such horses as "General Knox" have come upon this ground? How many such mares as "Pocahontas"? There is only one in New England. Now I say you should have one University that should be such an institution of learning that all the elements of intellectual power should be combined to give the opportunity which joint efforts can give. Until such an effort is made there will be one thing wanting, and I hope to see the day when the three colleges of Massachusetts shall be merged into one university, and that university shall be at the same time the seat of your future Agricultural College (applause).

Conciliating an Audience.—I remember a story of a certain comedian, by the name of Walsh, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. This gentleman never rose higher in his profession than to enact those useful but humble individuals in livery who announce the arrival of visitors to the principal personages in the drama. One evening, a great tragedian being on the stage, it was Mr. Walsh's duty to come on, attired in plush, and say, "My lord, the coach is at the door." This being all that was laid down for him, he said; but, directly afterwards, advancing to the footlights, and addressing the gallery, he continued with much animation, "And allow me to add that the man who lifts his hand against a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy the name of a Briton." This sentiment brought down a tornado of applause, but on retiring from the stage, the actor was pounced upon by the great tragedian and asked how he had dared to overstep the limits assigned to him. "I'm very sorry," quoth Mr. Walsh, "but it's my benefit next Monday, and I've got to conciliate the audience as well as you, Mr. Macready."—*G. A. Sala.*

GOD'S TERMS.

That sultry Sabbath when the orb of War
Arose and shot its baleful beams afar,
That dawn of battle, while we charged the foe,
Rebellion quailed,
And hearts of traitors failed,
And we our triumph and deliverance hailed.
But God said, "No:
Ye will not let my people go!"—
And brainless Panic smote our banners low.

That lurid Summer while in deadly swamps
Our patient heroes pitched their fatal camps
Full often, as they charged upon the foe,
Rebellion quailed,
And hearts of traitors failed,
And we our triumph and deliverance hailed.
But God said, "No;
Ye will not let my people go!"—
And Indecision trailed our banners low.

That ghastly day, upon the river shore,
Where fought our brave as brave ne'er fought before,
As up that reeking hill they charged the foe,
Rebellion quailed,
And hearts of traitors failed,
And we our triumph and deliverance hailed.
Then God said, "No;
Ye will not let my people go!"—
And careful Captains* dragged our banners low.

East, West and South, on ocean, river, field,
Unnumbered times our battle-cry has pealed:
Still find we, as our heroes charge the foe,
Rebellion quail,
And hearts of traitors fail,
And still we triumph and deliverance hail.
Still God says, "No;
Ye will not let my people go!"—
And still our triumphs magnify our woe.

God waits and says, "O Land, proclaim the right—
All men are men—and *I* will make the fight:
Refuse, and ye may charge upon the foe,
Rebellion quail,
And hearts of traitors fail—
But never *more* than triumph shall ye hail.
Deliverance? No!
Until ye let my people go,
My angel, Peace, shall never end your woe."

* Particularly Gen. Franklin, who seems on more than one occasion to have exemplified the truth of the Scripture, *God maketh the wrath of man to praise him.*

ORIGIN OF THE "MARSEILLAISE."

A correspondent of the London *Daily News* writes: "I read in the papers that an action at law is pending in France, involving the question of whether Rouget de Lisle was the author of this song. According to the account of L. de Lisle himself, he composed both the verses and the music; and if this statement was a misrepresentation, he must have been not only a literary impostor, but one of a remarkably fraudulent kind, because I believe it was principally, if not solely, owing to his being the supposed author of the song that he received a pension of fifteen hundred francs, immediately after the revolution of 1830, from Louis Philippe. At that time, in September, I saw M. de Lisle at his own house, at Choisy-le-Roy, a village near Paris. He was then seventy years of age, a fresh-looking, affable old gentleman. I showed him a printed copy of the song, and he related to me minutely the circumstances under which it was produced, pointing out, however, in my copy, several words wherein, as he said, there were mistakes, that is, variations from his own composition.

"The song, he told me, was produced while he was on service as a captain of engineers in the French army, and he composed it at Strasburg, in the month of April, 1792, during the night following the declaration of war by Austria and Prussia. 'Le Chant de l'Armée du Rhin' was the title given to it by the author; but a daily publication, edited at that time by M. de Lisle and other young officers of the army of the Rhine, conveyed the animating effusion throughout the south of France. The Marseillaise were just then marching upon Paris; they read it on their way; and they arrived at the capital chanting these verses. Hence the name given by the Parisians, 'L'Hymne de Marseillaise.' The forty battalions of national volunteers, formed at Paris in fifteen days, beat the Duke of Brunswick and the Prussians in Champagne on the 28th September, 1792, and routed them again in a few days after at Jemappe. These volunteers were commanded by General Dumouriez, having under his orders General d'Orleans, since King Louis Philippe; and they marched up to each engagement with the enemy singing, 'Allons, enfans de la petrie,' etc.

"The 'Marseillaise' was always the song of the French army from 1792 to 1804, when the first Buonaparte, having made himself Emperor, and doubting the benefit to himself of such a hymn, caused other songs to come forth which were better calculated to make soldiers admire emperors. Twice subsequently, in 1830 and 1848, the same chant has performed its revolutionary office, and received its quietus by suppression. M. de Lisle was the author of a whole volume of lyric poetry which was published, along with a good deal of music of his own, I think in 1830. His account of the 'Marseillaise,' as he told it to me, was this: His brother officers, knowing him to have some pretensions to the poetic as well as the musical faculty, said, upon the occasion before mentioned, that he must write a song. It was, too, required to be forthcoming without delay, and it was, as De Lisle said, the result of one night's meditation, the martial muse being aided only by the fiddle. Going to bed with the injunction of his comrades, he joined them at breakfast-time playing his air and singing his song. Some of the errors mentioned are these: 'Les *maitres* nos destinees' should be 'Les *moteurs*,' etc. 'Dans tes ennemis expirans *vois*' should be *Que* tes ennemis expirans *voient*.' There is a seventh stanza frequently added, beginning, '*Nous entrerous dans la carriere*'; but this is not De Lisle's, and belongs, I think, to another song.

"M. de Lamartine gives, if I remember rightly, a somewhat different account of the 'Marseillaise,' but he does not question the authorship being that of De Lisle. I believe that Sir Walter Scott has somewhere a speculation that the air is borrowed, and of a date much older than the Marseillaise volunteers. As to another French song, Sir Walter leaves a record to which recent turns of fortune lend a 'greater moral interest' than he could have anticipated. In 'Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' speaking of the field of Waterloo, he says: 'A relique of greater moral interest was given me by a lady, whose father had found it upon the field of battle. It is a manuscript collection of French songs, bearing the stains of clay and blood, which probably indicate the fate of the proprietor. One or two of these romances I thought pretty, and have since had an opportunity of having them translated into English by meeting at Paris with one of our Scottish men of rhyme.' Hereupon Sir Walter produces a translation entitled 'Romance of Dunois,' of that same 'Partant pour la Syrie,' which is now the French national music of an Emperor, Napoleon the Third!"

A Barber's Compliment.—There are some very odd fish to be found among press-men, says the Newcastle *Chronicle*, perhaps more than in any other profession, as any of those acquainted with the profession could show. But the oddest of all the odd ones is an "own correspondent" to the *Era* and several local papers, who resides in the North. He is a hair-dresser by trade, and it is only doing that justice to his simple goodness of heart which it deserves when I say that the cuts of his scissors and razor are much more severe in their nature than any incision of his pen. But for guilelessness he beats Goldsmith himself. I would not hurt his feelings for a considerable deal, but I am too fond of fun to let this sample of his character remain unknown. The other day—*when*, never mind, and *where* don't matter—he was overtaken by a gentleman to whom he was well known. After some conversation respecting the state of the new market, our friend, desirous of doing the hospitable in the most acceptable way, invited the gentleman to take tea. He excused himself on the ground of business engagements. "You had better," urged the correspondent pirruquier, "I am sure you will be very welcome." "No, I thank you," replied the invited; "you must really excuse me this time; some other day." "Well, then," pushed "Our own," in that quiet style which is so well known to his friends, "if you won't go and have a cup of tea with me, *will you go and have your hair cut?* You will be quite welcome!" Oh, dear! fancy your dental friend, Forceps, asking you to take tea in the same way, "Will you have a tooth drawn, Johnson, *you* will be quite welcome?"

Lamb once convulsed a company with an anecdote of Coleridge, which, without doubt, he hatched in his hoax-loving brain. "I was," he said, "going from my house at Enfield to the East Indian House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brim full of some new idea, and, in spite of my assuring him that some was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away; so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and, with my penknife, quietly severing my button from my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterwards, in passing the same garden, on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice; and on looking in, there he was with closed eyes, the button in his fingers, and his right hand gracefully waving, just as when I left him. He had never missed me."

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